





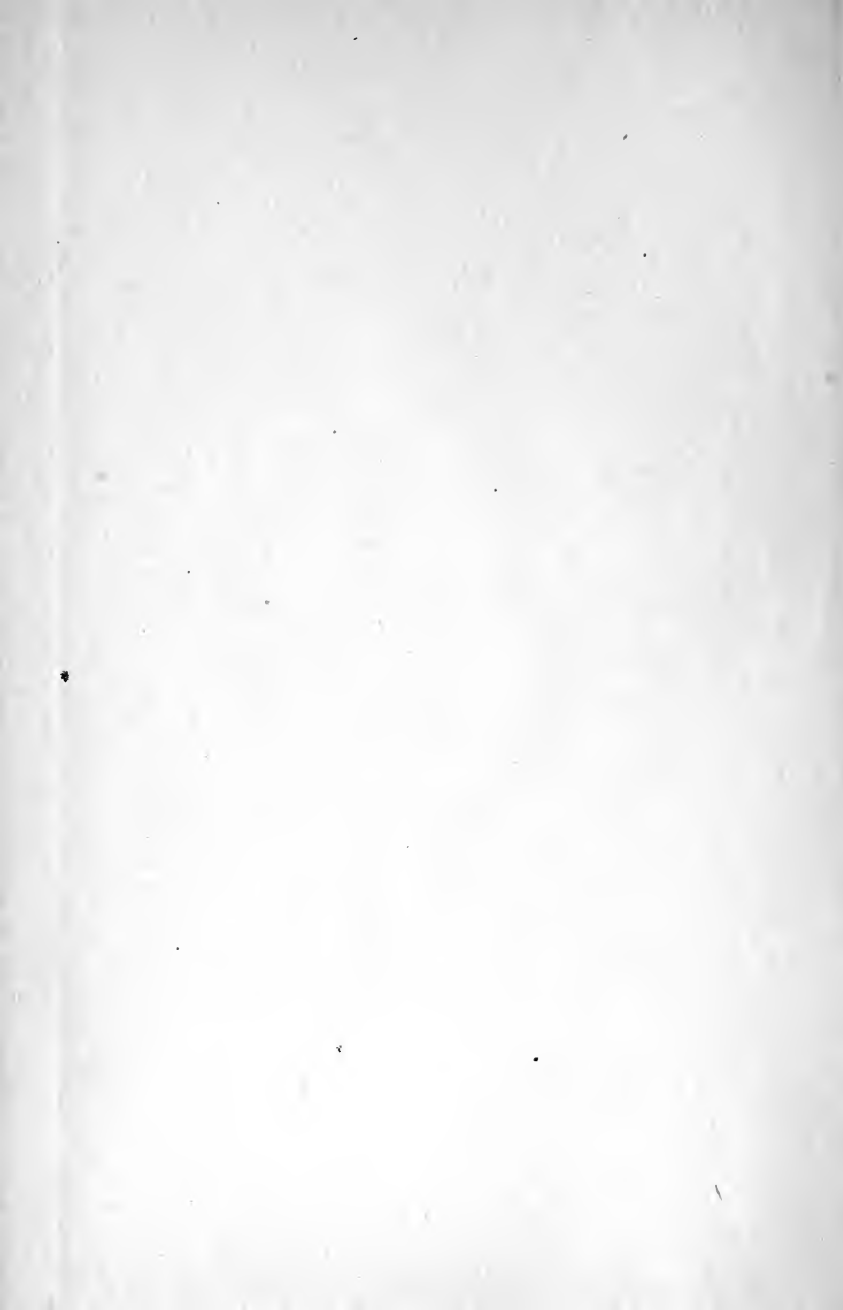
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THE SINGING HEART



THE SINGING HEART

BY
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*To her who went with me life's journey long,
Cheered all life's rugged road with courage strong,
I dedicate in tenderest memory
This wreath fresh-woven of a full heart's song.*

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THE SINGING HEART

OVERTURE

GO, *Heart of Truth*, go, *Heart of Love*,
 Into a waiting world of beauty,
Where steadfast Truth may ever prove
 Herself best comrade is of Duty;
And may she come along with me,
 Rich blessing of her guidance bringing,
That notes of her sincerity
 Be heard through my faint numbers ringing.

O *Heart of Truth*, O *Heart of Love*,
 So constant through long course of ages! —
Love's praise, all other praise above,
 Shows fair upon the Muses' pages; —
May both your gracious presence lend
 Through what is left as Life's to-morrow,
Keep with my own heart to the end,
 Join in its songs of joy and sorrow!

THE SINGING HEART

IF only it were given us to know
That little world for which the singing bird
Makes melody, and it were ordered so
That we could understand the notes we heard,
Then might we comprehend
To what remoter end
Was given to us the unity of music and of word.

The little ones beneath the mother's wing
By linnet's song are softly soothed to rest,
A world is hushed to hear the linnet sing
Besides the fledglings slumbering in the nest
And some one stops to hear
That song of happy cheer,
To find his heart relieved of care by which it
was oppressed.

If song of happy bird so soft and low, —
A song that's careless of directing art —
Has that sweet grace of sympathy to go
So far from blameless life of bird apart,
Here may it dwell with me
In perfect harmony
With strains of soft delight that well up from
the singing heart.

INVOCATION

GO, Heart, when wakes at morning bright
The World to conscious being!
Go, Heart, and share the World's delight
To watch the shadows fleeing!
Behold with rapture-flooded eyes
The sun in gorgeous splendor rise
Into full glory of the skies! —
Dear Heart, be glad with seeing,
With Nature's heart agreeing!

Go, Heart, when thrushes call elate,
At royal Day's appearing!
Go, Heart, when veery sings his mate
In simple notes endearing! —
List how the woods around us ring
With songs these happy minstrels sing,
What joy do beams of morning bring! —
Dear Heart, be glad with hearing
What Nature's heart is cheering!

BIRTH OF SONG

WHEN heavenly planets by the Primal Force
At first were ordered into empty space,
They entered gladly on the appointed course
Their orbits' pathway evermore to trace;
And as each took its place
To mark the passing of unreckoned years,
The change of seasons as these come and go,
The time when Summer in her pride appears
And Winter regal in his robes of snow,
They fixed the numbers so
That Nature keeps her course with rhythmic
flow.

There were so many of that heavenly host! —
Enough of them to fill infinity, —
And yet as each went singing to his post
Their several voices did so well agree
There was full harmony
That should remain unbroken through all time,
Through all the movements of that countless
throng,
Repeat the mellow cadences of rhyme
And blend the feebler measures with the strong
So these might keep along
Together in rich melody of song.

CAROL OF THE HEART

ABOVE the din of crowded street,
Loud roar of traffic through the day,
Above the sound of hurrying feet,
Of rumbling wheels along the way,
Above the chatter of the gay
And idle throng, — of gossips old
That sit and shiver in the cold, —
Of bargainers in busy mart;
Above them all a song is heard,
A song without one spoken word,
The song that's singing in the heart.

It may be that a childish voice
In merry tone is singing there,
It may be that our souls rejoice
To see a face that's young and fair,
As yet unmarked by any care
Such as do older looks reveal
And such as our own spirits feel
When we are overborne in part,
And only keep our feelings young
By listening to the music sung,
A low sweet carol of the heart.

A THOUGHT

ONLY one single thought,
One happy thought
Out of the stores of memory brought,
A thought so precious of itself that all the rest
were nought;

Of one dear soul alone
That left alone
The shadowy, far-off unknown,
And in its flight across this life joined sweetly
with my own.

A soul that on its way,
Its quiet way,
Was calm as is the summer's day,
Content to take the upward road or in the vale
to stay.

And now within the gate,
The pearly gate
That closes on all soon or late,
I think that soul with blessèd thought of me is
fain to wait.

GOOD CHEER

THE songs that in the fields and woods we hear
Ringing a tuneful melody so clear
Through all the long, long year,
Are full of hearty cheer.

There is no note of sadness when for me
The song-sparrow, hid in the hedgerow tree,
Rehearses merrily
Her simple melody.

The robin keeps on singing in the rain,
Nor does he of the chilliness complain;
He tells us in his strain
The sun will come again.

So in the song of chickadee are told
The peace and comfort of December's cold;
The frost-bands cannot hold
A spirit half so bold.

To heart that is to heart of Nature near,
Of him who is accustomed to revere,
Do Nature's songs appear
O'erflowing with good cheer.

FLOWER OF SONG

THE fairest flowers of Nature's gentle brood
Ask not for any care of gardener's hand,
But in the friendly sheltering of the wood,
Chance-sown and overlooked, they shyly stand
And look out on the world some April day,
A world just waking from a slumbering long,
These find all things about them glad as they
To hearken to the blackbirds' April song.
Pure as their winter coverlet has been
Pale delicate anemones
Swing in the breeze
Beneath the snow-white birches budded green.

Song needs as little of the singer's art
As need anemones the gardener's care,
Such songs as bourgeon from the singer's heart
Themselves are typical of beauty there;
The solitary spinner at her wheel
Sings to herself a measure sung of yore,
The tender cadences of voice reveal
Some part of life that will be lived no more;
But such the magic power of simple truth
That let the spinner's song be heard
In note or word
It wakes responsive chord in age or youth.

HEART'S CONTENT

MEN push their shallops off the shore
And spread their sails new kingdoms to discover;
Much having, but yet wanting more,
Not realizing that Desire,
When it has led their quest all oceans over,
Would scorn the world's empire; —
Would come at last to care
So little these adventurous paths to dare;
Vain efforts having spent,
Make sheltering port at last, with resting-place
content.

The final blessing of our lives
Being content, his fortune is the greatest
Who soonest at that goal arrives; —
'Tis not so much from adverse gales
Another comes into the harbor latest
As how he trims his sails; —
Who seeks a land remote
Must count on being for long time afloat,
But who will be content
At home shall stay and have his blessing promptly
sent.

IDLE SONGS

THE idle singer of an idle song
Goes musingly along
Where centuries before
Went singing so the idle troubadour.

As fledgling swallows leave their native nest
Songs flutter from his breast,
Take their adventurous flight
Careless of praise, — careless as well of slight;

But he, the singer, hopes his song may meet
Some heart that's warm to greet
The wanderer, bid it come
Beneath the shelter of a loving home;

There entertain with cheerful fire and rest
The stranger as a guest,
And, asking for its name,
Learn from whose heart the simple music came.

So shall the idle songs that now we hear
Sing on from year to year,
And from the joy they give
The memory of the singing heart shall live.

UNMENTIONED DEEDS

WHO on the page of History reads
Of victories by Valor won,
Should call to mind unmentioned deeds
Of kindness that the World has done;
These have no record cut in stone,
No blazonry of shining gold,
To classic art have not been known,
Nor yet with eloquence been told.

These unrecorded acts of men
To help their fellow-men along,
Well worthy of the poet's pen,
Well worthy of the praise of song; —
Let these small actions be the theme
Of which my Muse would sing to-day,
And may these simple numbers seem
A slender tribute I would pay.

The World forgets, or never learns
What ministries the poor man bless,
How ready is the heart to turn
To other hearts when in distress;
What comfort in a soothing tone
Heard in a season of despair!
A sentiment of pity shown
At once makes all our living fair.

FROM AGE TO AGE

FACE to face the reader stands
With the author in his hands,
On that open page appears
Smile of Joy and Sorrow's tears.

As a far mirage it seems
Or dim vision of his dreams,
Somewhat like that image given
By still waters unto heaven.

Looking on that silent word,
Language of mute lips is heard;
Now the page grows eloquent
Of the master thought was meant;

Of high purpose bold and strong
Right to shield, to banish wrong;
Of a heart was warm and kind,
Of an ever-living mind.

Thus it is we come to know
Him who wrote so long ago
Better than the friends are near,
Living words of whom we hear.

WHY SING?

WHY sing? — Go ask the sparrow's mate
Who singeth all day long,
Who hath no means to celebrate
His happiness but song;
He sings for only one to hear
The music of his voice,
Yet there are scores of others near
That in his song rejoice.

That gift of sweetness is from Heaven, —
Gift of surpassing worth —
And as it was in measure given
It is again poured forth.
The sparrow is the harp — no more —
On which a Hand is laid,
As by the reed on river shore
A melody is made.

The sparrow sings unconsciously
From impulse of the heart,
But yet his singing brings to me
Of mine the better part;
So to my lips the song will spring
Unbidden and unsought; —
Who asks of me wherefore I sing
Would better ask, Why not?

THE STRICKEN HEART

SONG is not of the voice alone,
Nor is it wholly for the ear,
It lives not in the word or tone,
Not in the melody we hear;
What leaves the lips with liquid flow
Is of the song the minor part,
What those who listen cannot know
Abides within the singing heart.

The water running from the hill
Gives music only when it falls,
The ledges all around are still
And silent save when echo calls;
It takes the hammer-stroke to bring
The music from the anvil's breast,
So closely do sweet concords cling
To native sources while at rest.

The tempered steel has richer tone
Than iron mass as yet unwrought,
The soul that has keen sorrow known
Lives in a purer air of thought;
So is it that the stricken heart
Yields what is rhythmically fair,
Yet all its song is but a part
Of that sweet music harbored there.

WHERE SONG BEGINS

HOW shall one find the origin of song,
How trace it to what puts the air in motion,
Detect the pulse that sends the note along
And feel it throbbing with intense devotion?
Can we divine the pleasure
That gives its rhythmic measure
To song of wood thrush musically falling?
Or can we know what feeling
Is voice of bird revealing
When to its near-by mate 'tis softly calling?

We feel while listening to thrush's note
Our souls upborne on wings of adoration,
May it not be the wood thrush tunes its throat
To some remote, diviner inspiration?
It may be there is ringing
In thrush's vesper singing
Some joy our thought has not yet overtaken,
A harmony of numbers
That soothes her young to slumbers
Yet comes to us with power our souls to waken.

WHERE SONG ENDS

IN stillness of a summer afternoon
When hushed is all of Nature's happy chorus,
The dozing bird forgets her gentle croon,
But yet the pines repeat their music o'er us;
There are no breezes blowing,
No waving pine boughs showing
That anything in nature sympathizes;
We know the whispered sweetness
Is in the full completeness
Of harmony composed of lost surprises.

It may be in the song we try to sing,
It may be in the song of thrush or linnet,
That round a thought of summer there will cling
A mystery of the pine tops living in it;
In memory unfading
The realm of song invading,
That whispered monotone can perish never;
If there be aught immortal
Outside of Heaven's portal
It is the note that's least regarded ever.

SONGS OF THE HEART

IT lingers long
Among remembered things of old,
In the sweet melody of song,
The sweetness of what never yet was told.

Within the heart
That still the sacred past doth hold,
Remains to-day the better part
Of what was treasured as a prize of old.

Dear memories
Still waken with the pulsing strings;
And all their music's burden is
The beauty and the joy that Memory brings.

Love dwells apart,
The common things of life above;
Above the wishes of the heart,
Within the quiet hermitage of Love;

And there Love stays
With patient feet and folded wings,
Giving to Constancy all praise,
And making songs the heart forever sings.

SOURCE OF SONG

SING thou to me, shy little bird
Close hiding in the hedgerow near,
The sweetest song was ever heard
To fall upon the enchanted ear!
Sing thou to me that I may know
The secret mystery of thine art,
May have this one truth proven so,
The source of song is from the heart!

Sing thou to me thy simple strain
Of goodwill and of hearty cheer,
That song sung o'er and o'er again
For one that loves thy voice to hear!
Sing thou to me, and so will I
Drink draughts of woodland music sweet,
And on a slender reed will try
Those liquid numbers to repeat!

Sing thou to me, that I may hear
What charms the spirit of the wood,
Makes for itself a little sphere
Of melody in solitude!
And I will haunt this magic ring,
Will listen to thy music long
To hear the inspired minstrel sing
That from the heart is source of song.

STOUT HEART

“**S**TOUT heart to brae that’s steep,”
The old Scotch proverb says,
Stout heart must worn wayfarer keep
On dry and dusty ways,
When do long summer days
Wear out the weary feet,
When, pitiless, the burning heat
On Nature silence lays.

Stout heart to northern blast,
To wintry winds that blow,
When skies above are overcast
And fields are white below
With blanketing of snow; —
When kedge and cable fail,
Ships run to sea before the gale; —
Hearts are not frightened so.

Stout heart to breast the hills,
To face the tempest’s rage,
With fortitude to bear life’s ills,
Infirmities of age;
A vigorous war to wage
Against embattled wrong,
And in the worthy cause of Song
Most loyally engage.

LIFE'S LITANIES

ACROSS the dark pine-wooded hills
Between me and the belfry tower,
Across the meadows and their rills
I used to hear at service hour
On quiet Sabbath days
The call to prayer and praise, —
A pulsing of the air that thrills
The soul with magic power.

I have not heard that swelling peal
Ring out above the meads and meres
Since Fate has led, for woe or weal,
Far from my home of early years;
But still on silent ways
Of quiet Sabbath days
The memory of that bell will steal
To the fountain-head of tears.

I hear it sounding soft and low
With murmuring of the pine-wood trees, —
That distant Sabbath bell as though
It were in harmony with these; —
Those overtones still chime
As measured words in rhyme,
And, blending in the memory so,
Repeat life's litanies.

WITH HAPPY HEART

O SONG that with a happy heart,
That with a sweet, a winsome voice,
Comes down the street and through the mart
To bid a weary world rejoice! —
O Song with gladness in your eye,
And on your lip the word of truth,
We watch your phantom form go by
As vision of immortal Youth! —
We wonder at your happy heart,
Are charmed by that enchanting voice.

O Song that wanders down the lane
With light of morning, pilgrim-wise,
That chimes in with the happy strain
Of larks that from the meadow rise! —
O Song with beauty in your soul,
Deep tenderness within your heart,
We listen till we hear the whole
Of what our song is but a part,
And find this strolling down the lane
Is but a sauntering pilgrim-wise.

STREAM OF SONG

FROM brimming fountain fed by winter snows
Through summer drought when pansies wilt
and wither,
Fresh mountain streamlet through the meadow
goes
Its winding way as if not caring whither,
And in its course it brings
From depth of rocky springs
Refreshing coolness to the drooping flowers;
Beneath deep slumberous shade
By leaning alders made
It dreams away long drowsy noontide hours.

From off the highest pinnacles of thought
Comes trickling down a stream of vagrant
fancies,
Into our life a freshening is brought
As mountain coolness comes to fainting pansies;
There do they bide a while,
Our wandering thoughts beguile,
In eddying currents for long time they linger;
In choral movement so
Will they to rhythm flow
And cheer the heavy heart with song of singer.

TIME AND PLACE

WHEN do the angels come to me?
Whenever I see
Lilies unfolding in purity;
 When in the fair face
 Of a child, its innocent thought I trace;
Or its hand I feel
Into my own hand trustingly steal;
 For well do I know
 That only an angel would love me so.

Where do I with the angels meet?
Where violets sweet
Look up from the grasses about my feet;
 Where, walking alone,
 The song of the wild bird becomes my own;
Or on crowded street
Do the kindly voices of comrades greet;
 And these must all be
 Of angels a goodly company.

THE DORIAN STRAIN

WHAT lip shall breathe again
To Dorian pipe the simple Dorian strain
That taught wild echoes of the wooded dell
What speech must fail to tell,
And what must Art alone strive for in vain?

What singer will essay
To give to melody thoughts of to-day,
Thoughts of the market, of the quoted price
Of watered stocks — of ice?
Whereto frown Muses with emphatic "Nay."

The world has lost all zest
For that which to its youth appeared the best;
To-day to antiquated page belong
The happiest strains of song
That to Apollo ever were addressed.

When will the Fates once more
Bring back the healthier appetite of yore,
Give to mankind the relish of its youth
For just the simple truth,
To life the rhythm of the years restore?

HAPPY-HEARTED

AS the lark upon the wing,
As the robin on the tree,
All the happy-hearted sing
Songs of simple melody
Just as sweet as these may be.

As the song of early prime
Greets the glad incoming day
So the song of evening time
Tells that hearts are light and gay,
Nowise weary of the way.

In the measure of the song
We can trace the happy mood
Ruling all the summer long
In the orchard, in the wood,
Sung for mate and sung for brood.

So the happy-hearted sing
To my faithful memory
As the lark upon the wing,
As the robin on the tree
Sang all summer long to me.

MISSION OF SONG

LET poets in fair words express
The pictured beauty of their dreams,
And let sweet notes of music dress
Those forms in color that beseems;
Then shall the ear,
Enchanted, hear
What beauty and what grace it brings,
The voice of minstrel bard who sings
The praise of that pure loveliness
Revealed to him in passing gleams.

Let poets sing of sword and shield
With words of praise as they can find,
Rehearse brave deeds on battle-field,
Proclaim proud triumphs of the mind; —
We listen yet
Cannot forget
Some sunny thought in song may bless
Poor aching hearts with happiness;
The poet's art its best will yield
When it is practised for mankind.

HEART-HUSBANDRY

OUR hearts are stored with memories
Kept sacred through so many years,
With tender thoughts that rest with these,
Too fond for words, too deep for tears;
Their preciousness is many fold
What wealth of silver and of gold
Did miser's coffers ever hold.

These choicest treasures of the heart
Are from its keeping never lost;
With them will owner never part,
They're garnered at too great a cost; —
They're thoughts of those were very dear,
Unto our hearts were very near,
And now — and now — but memory here.

Life brings no harvest from its toil
More heavy than its yield of grief,
Affection is a fruitful soil
That bears of sorrows many a sheaf; —
This reaping of heart-husbandry
Our sole *viaticum* shall be
While faring to Eternity.

THE HEART'S HARVEST

THE heart, — what harvest does it yield
Of simple joys from year to year?
Its sunward-looking slopes a field
Of untold fruitfulness appear; —
In ripening ear
Of the heart's harvest is revealed
Full mystery of our being here.

They have no season of their own,
The sowing and the garnering,
Whenever is a kindness sown
Increase a hundred fold will spring; —
All seasons bring
To reaper's sickle what has grown
And ripened unto harvesting.

No biting cold of winter there,
No beating of the frozen hail;
Those sunlit slopes forever wear
Fresh burden for the thresher's flail;
On hill and dale
Of the heart's country everywhere
Love's harvest home shall never fail.

LIFE'S RAIN-SONG

WHEN noonday sun is shining brightly
On flashing streams and blossoming meadows,
When wanton winds are racing lightly
Over the hills with swift cloud shadows;
Then in the low-grown alder bushes
The peacefulness of Nature hushes
Melodious voices of the thrushes,
Their service song is then suspended.

But let the heavens be overclouded,
And let the summer rain be falling,
Let hills in veil of mist be shrouded,
The yaffel from his ash tree calling;
Then will go on the thrushes' singing,
Through all the noontide hours ringing,
Unto the temple service bringing
Their choral song that is unended.

So is it when our feet are weary,
And up-hill lies the way before us;
When all the scene around is dreary,
And heavy hang the heavens o'er us;
When eyes downcast and dim are tearful,
When thoughts of daily cares are fearful,
Then is the singing heart yet cheerful
By rain-song of our tears attended.

TO MY HAPPY HEART

TO my happy heart I sing an idle song,
Singing to my comrade all the way,
As my heart and I go thoughtfully along
Cheering each the other all the day,
Singing now of champions adventurous and strong,
Singing now of minstrels light and gay.

When across the meadows we are going hand in
hand,
Then we both are silent from our joy,
Round about us lilies in their beauty stand,
Coming through the daisies are a girl and boy,
Oh, the charm of youth and the charm of sunny
land
When the sun is bold and violets are coy!

There we go together beneath a sunny sky,
Cheering each the other all the while;
Heart is strong the journey in all its length to try
Though my feet should falter in a mile;
And when my braver comrade shall turn to say,
"Good-bye,"
It will be the words are spoken with a smile.

SONG OF THE HUMAN

A SONG of merry cheer
Full of light-hearted mirth and gay,
Of children happy in their play;
A song to charm the listening ear
Of God or man to hear.

A song of faith and trust,
Of youth's unbounded confidence
In Heaven's o'erruling providence
To save the righteous cause and just
Out from the battle's dust.

A song of courage high,
Of readiness to face the foe,
To ward the thrust, to deal the blow,
Of resolution not to fly,
To conquer or to die.

A song of victory won,
Of right defended on the field,
Of honor saved with dented shield,
With torch alight the long course run,
All of life's duty done.

LIFE'S WEAVING

OUR human feelings blend,
The seasons that are glad
Have comrades that are sad; —
Sorrow abides with Joy unto the end.

The happy moments pass
So hurriedly away
When we would have them stay! —
The hours unhappy are slow-paced, alas!

Pleasure stands next to Pain,
And victory is at cost
Of a field that has been lost;
Triumph involves defeat, loss goes with gain.

So is it one must see
The web of life is wide,
There is the figured side
And its reverse crude as in tapestry.

It is for us to weave
After the rich design
Traced by the Hand Divine,
And to the World a finished fabric leave.

THE HEART'S FIDELITY

ONE name seems doomed to oblivion,
Another seems given to Fame;
But after the labors of life are all done,
The wearisome course of the years has been run,
The long struggle ended, the victory won,
Then the two have ended the same.

The one has a quiet obscurity found
In a heart that is tender and true,
The other, with praise of the populace crowned,
Has been carried all of the wide world around,
On mortal lips has been heard to resound
The ranks of the people through.

But Love, the undying, will never release
What treasures the heart may hold,
And when the pulses of life shall cease,
The years to their ultimate limit increase,
There yet will remain in that chamber of peace
The name that was dear of old.

THE SONG-SAILOR

HE is a sailor from the first,
His boat launched on a sea of dreams,
His travel-longing is a thirst
That never can be quenched, it seems;
He sails at once into the light
That brings the morning on its way,
The tender watchfulness of night,
The smiling cheerfulness of day.

He later sails into the west
Sweet magic of its charm to learn,
Find where the day goes to its rest,
Where evening's vestal fires burn;
The splendor of the painted skies,
Rich purple shadows on the shore
Show what a wealth of beauty lies
His light, adventurous craft before.

Day after day, year after year
His course is laid by stars are true,
From time to time fair isles appear
Fresh as if bathed in morning dew;
Thus sailing on time's ocean vast,
When all life's voyaging is done,
His shallop frail shall come at last
Where morn and eventide are one.

CHILD OF NATURE

OH, heart of nature, heart of boy
How closely are related!
When one is bubbling o'er with joy
The other is elated;
There is no creature, low or high,
Can run or jump, can creep or fly,
That can escape the lad's quick eye,
But though he use it as a toy
So is he educated.

The cloud moves slowly o'er the skies,
Below, its shadow follows
As that of some great eagle flies
Across the hills and hollows; —
The boy looks on, his fancy goes
Where flies the cloud, where water flows,
Nor any rest nor halting knows
Until it wakens with surprise
In the winterland of swallows.

SONG VARIATIONS

THE Muses will not always bring
What I beseech them to repeat,
And when I would of triumph sing
The song is rather of defeat;
Although the singing heart be glad,
The song itself is often sad,
For they who rule the measured verse mark it
with slow-paced feet.

Not always will the selfsame chord
Respond alike to player's hand,
Not always will the fitting word
Be ready at the thought's command;
Much less will note of song reveal
What sentiments our bosoms feel,
Nor can the heart of him who hears the singer's
understand.

And yet will song of minstrel fare
As it has journeyed down the past; —
The thistle blooms as native where
By chance the thistle-down is cast.
Forever in the heart will spring
New melody from trembling string,
And that which charms the world to-day is not
to be the last.

TAKING LEAVE

“**H**ARK to the music, hark!
'Tis the singing of the lark
 To welcome dawn;
Though yet the sky be dark,
 Now night is gone
 I journey on.”

“Nay, nay, do not, I pray,
So promptly break away
 From love and me;
Here is splendor while you stay
 More bright to me
 Than lark can see.”

“How quickly hours fly
When joy and love are nigh, —
 Day comes apace!
My heart will linger by
 This charmèd place
 Of last embrace.”

“Here through the day I wait
Outside the Eden gate
 For your return;
So late, so very late
 Will Vesper learn
 Her lamps to burn!”

SONG — ESSENTIAL

'**T**IS not the form alone
Nor yet the singer's tone
That gives its music to the cadenced line;
'Tis not the rhythmic flow
Of numbers swift or slow
That gives to verse its quality divine.

'Tis not the plaintive word
In Sorrow's song is heard,
It is the hush laid on the bated breath;
Words of themselves were vain
To tell the spirit's pain,
Only the sigh that anguish uttereth.

'Tis not for mortal ear
The minor strain to hear
In song as through a meadow winds a rill;
We cannot see its tide,
But blossoms by its side
Show what life-giving floods the channel fill.

The hand that strikes the string,
Its music wakening,
Must lay thereon emotions of the soul,
So that the lyre may heed
A voiceless spirit's need
And yield itself to that supreme control.

YOUTH AND AGE

YEARS of youth and years of age,
Years of play and years of duty
Have this common heritage,—
Through all life's long pilgrimage
Happy heart is filled with beauty.

Heart of honor, heart of truth,
Strong in every bold endeavor,
Heart of pity, heart of ruth,
Happy, cheerful heart of youth,
Be with us the same forever.

Years of gambolling and joy,
Filled with merriment and laughter,
Years that dreams of life employ,
Let bright fancies of the boy
Be realities long after.

What the dreams of childhood send
To the youth and to the maiden,
Let these to their young lives lend
What will tarry till the end
Come with richer blessing laden.

THE POET'S CALL

THE poet calls to the world to stay
Its steps for the beauty along the way
The world is going from day to day;

The poet calls, — but the world heeds not
The message that out of a heart is brought,
Heeds nothing that's neither sold nor bought.

And what does the poet bring to sell?
Nothing; — he has but a story to tell,
And his only care is to do this well.

And what should the poet come to buy?
Around him all of earth's riches lie,
Above him the splendor of the sky.

But though the poet may bring no gain
To the open market, he yet is fain
To ease, if he can, a poor World's pain.

He would find a solace to check its tears,
A word of courage to calm its fears
And memories sweet for the later years.

And when at last shall the evening fall
To the evensong then sweetest of all
Shall be heard the notes of the poet's call.

A LITTLE SONG

A LITTLE song framed to a melody
That takes its cadence from the closing rest
Of veery singing through the mystery
Of stealthy Twilight drawing silently
Deep-curtained darkness round the veery's nest,—
Wherewith she brings her little ones to rest,
In peace and joy to slumber trustfully
From every care and every sorrow free
Within the sanctuary of her breast.

A little song attempted timorously
As the first venture of a new-fledged bird
That makes its trial flight from tree to tree
And looks about him for security
If slender twig on which he lights be stirred;
A little song to bear a single word,
But if, dear Love, its meaning come to thee
In the full measure of sincerity
No matter if by all the rest unheard.

SO WOULD I SING

So would I sing as linnets sing
In tent of orchard tree;
As goldfinches upon the wing
And swallows coming in the spring
With song enrapture me
Until none other sound I hear
Of any voices far or near
Than their sweet melody.

So would I sing that singing bird
Might deem the song his own,
Might fancy that had Echo heard
His wildwood notes without a word
And practiced them alone,
And yet confess that in the sound
A deeper feeling still was found
Than he before had known.

So would I sing for hearts to feel
Of song the magic sway,
So would I sing as to reveal
What language cannot say, and steal
From Grief its pains away,
To charm the Summer of the year
To bide with us, contented, here; —
So would I sing to-day.

GAIN OF SONG

HOW much of beauty is there shown
In places where no mortal eye
Will ever come; how little known
Are glories of the earth and sky!
How many gems are never found,
Bright crystals hidden under ground;
Charged with excess of flashing light
Yet treasured in dark vaults of night!

How much of melody is made
That never comes to mortal ear,
How many symphonies are played
Our duller senses never hear!
As sweet the song of singing bird
When by its mate alone 'tis heard,
And if the mate be there no more
The song is sweeter than before.

And yet there is no beauty lost,
No crystal has been formed in vain,
Though fashioned at so great a cost
The making of it was a gain;
The song that comes to me to-day
Will in my soul forever stay
Whether I wing it with a word
Or never be its music heard.

THE COMMON BOND

DEEP peacefulness of growing things
Rests on the farm and wood,
From happy heart the sparrow sings
Unto her fledgling brood;
This chirp of crickets in the grass
Is warm with greeting when I pass,
The cheerful message that it brings
Saves all from solitude.

I wonder if the grasses hear
These friendly crickets greet,
I wonder if the daisies fear
Rude trampling of my feet;
There are in Nature thoughts too fine
For our dull insight to divine,
We cannot to her haunts draw near
Nor with her favorites meet.

Between that blameless world and me
The tie is close and strong,
It holds us both in amity
As it has held us long;
And since I feel in every part
The heart of Nature is my heart,
It seems the common bond must be
In the lineage of song.

SONG'S APPEAL

SOMETIMES it is a smile that cheers
Dull sorrow of the heart,
Sometimes a low sweet tone appears
To soothe a bitter smart;
Another time a simple strain
Of music soft and low
Will ease a bosom of its pain,
Bereavement of its woe.

It is enough, — the kindly tone,
It matters less, — the word,
The feeling of the heart is shown
In accents faintly heard;
Fond heart that beats in sympathy
Its neighbor heart will stir,
And this unto itself will be
Its own interpreter.

So is it that a little song
May help a world in tears,
Repeated as it lingers long
In memory of years;
Though faint may be the song's appeal,
If only it be true,
Unto the gentle hearts that feel
It is forever new.

MINSTRELSY

HE who in sympathy has heard
The low soft trilling of a bird,
 To loved one singing,
Is privileged to learn by heart
Coy secret of the minstrel's art,
 His wild notes flinging
Upon a world given o'er to care
Yet leaving lonely places where
 Are harebells clinging.

It is the art from Nature caught,
From shore and field and forest brought,
 From sky and ocean;
The minstrel's rhythmic numbers are
In measured movement regular
 As tides in motion,
And with their beating rise and fall
The gentle pulsing musical
 Of Love's devotion.

FRAGMENTS OF SONG

IN the stillness of summer is heard
Sometimes the soft notes of a bird
 From the borders of cloudland singing;
So in silence the heart may be stirred
By the echoing sound of a word
 From the belfry of memory ringing.

It may be the broken string
With a cry stops its vibrating,
 Voiceless to be forever;
It may be the birds that sing
Have tired the venturesome wing
 And will come to their song-land never.

But yet on hill and on plain
Will the magic of music remain
 With a power that is unbroken;
For it holds in the simple strain
That voices love's pleasure and pain
 What can never, never be spoken.

Only fragments of song are these
Broken chords of earth's harmonies,
 Begun and then later suspended;
But coming as solaces
Into hearts their sorrows to ease
 In pæans of praise are they ended.

SUGGESTION

A FRAGMENT of a song,
One single silvery strain, —
It haunts me all day long,
At night it comes again.

That echoing note I hear
Chime with the vesper bell,
So musically clear
As if from heaven it fell.

It blends with gladsome note
Across green meadows heard
Poured from the tuneful throat
Of early morning bird.

The thrushes, singing late
At evening hour alone,
Have this one strain to mate
With melodies their own.

I know not whence 'tis brought
Nor where its charms belong; —
It comes a happy thought,
It goes an idle song.

WINGED SONG

THE heart of singer is the home of song
Wherein has this with others had its birth,
And where the brood have fondly nestled long,
Have passed most pleasant days in blameless
mirth;
When now one leaves the nest,
Escapes the singer's breast,
It makes a timid flight on untried wings,
Nor will it yet attempt life's loftier things.

It may be that the fledgling on its way
Shall come to one who hears it with delight,
And, bidden with another heart to stay,
Shall tarry there and rest throughout the night;
Shall find a welcome warm,
Safe shelter from the storm,
And there perchance the song may come to be
Most happy strain in some sweet symphony.

Were there in all the world no other heart
To which the song would be most welcome guest,
Then were it from its home loth to depart,
Or, leaving, would come back at night to rest;
And thus the world indeed
Of song would be in need,
And many an hour of life would then be long
That now most happily is winged with song.

FAREWELL TO CARE

IT rains — a heavy shadow broods
Over the meadows and the woods,
 A deep gloom bringing
All Nature's chorus to a hush
Except that evensong of thrush
 Is left still ringing;
It is as if all, far and near,
Had stopped — as I have stopped — to hear
 That sweet voice singing.

Sometimes the faint soul feels the strain
Of anxious thought and silent pain,
 The day is dreary;
Our life is burdened with its cares,
And with the load of grief it bears
 The heart is weary;
Then let us give to care the wing
Of song, and in our freedom sing
 As sings the veery.

SONGS OF LIFE

THE songs our voices raise
Are sung in hearty praise
Of what was fair
And was gladsome there,
In our childhood's happy days.

We sing of fairy gold,
Of men who were wise and bold
When life was new
And all hearts were true
In the far-off days of old.

But now and then a strain
In the minor key will plain, —
Will tell how near
Are together here
Our seasons of joy and of pain.

The heart cannot forget
Its youthful joys, nor yet
Can it forego
Outbursts of woe
When the sorrows of life are met.

BETWEEN DAWN AND NIGHT

HOWEVER long or short the day,
However bright or dark the skies,
It is a matter of surprise
How much that's sad, how much that's gay
Between the dawn and evening lies.

With beauty is the heart made glad, —
With beauty of the fields in May
When fields appear in fresh array,
And yet the same heart must be sad
To see that beauty fade away.

The heart in singing takes delight,
In morning hymn of hermit thrush
When feelings into rapture rush;
But when the descant falls at night
Then comes upon the heart a hush.

As with the day so with the years
Of life, beginning bright and fair,
When toward the evensong they wear
And from the heavens day disappears,
Yet faithful stars are shining there.

EVENSONG OF PRAISE

THE wood thrush sings and will not stay
Its one familiar strain;
Soon as the music dies away
That song begins again;
It runs as runs a meadow stream
Through all the twilight long,
Refreshing blossoms of a dream
With dewiness of song.

Those cadences are soft and low
As evening's curfew bell,
And falling into silence so
Again to triumph swell;
Through drowse of day the wood thrush sings
In that same minor key,
Yet soul of listener upsprings
To loftier ecstasy.

O silvery-fluting Voice of thrush
That leads the day to close,
That leads all chirping to a hush,
All chirpers to repose;
Be thou, sweet Voice, a Muse to me,
Most gracious one to raise
My soul to Heaven's full harmony,
An evensong of praise.

REPEATED SONG

WE cannot have the year without the spring,
We cannot have the spring without the song
Of bluebirds coming on impatient wing,
Of countless other choristers that bring
A service lasting all the summer long.

We cannot have the year without the throng
Of daisies mustering on sunny lea,
Anemones come out in numbers strong,
By willow-bordered brookside troop along
Cowslips and daffies dancing merrily.

We cannot have the year without the fall,
The later season of decadent leaf;
The crimson-tinted sumac by the wall
And in the field the cricket's plaintive call
Tell of a closing year whose course is brief.

We look upon the pageantry of mirth,
And mark its passing with a sense of pain,
So much of gaiety goes out from earth,
Of music and of dance is so great dearth!
And yet we know that spring will come again.

THE HEART'S SOVEREIGN

LOVE dwells apart
In purity of thought,
Of word, of all that's wrought
Within the heart.

There Love is lord,
Full mastery acquires,
Brings all the heart's desires
To sweet accord.

Within that sphere
Love holds supreme control
O'er matters of the soul,
Casts out all fear.

Who Love obeys
Goes on life's journey long
Singing a happy song,
Of Love the praise.

When this shall cease,
We know at last our friend
Has come unto that end
That's perfect peace.

SONG SURVIVAL

IT is not to the ear alone
The song is sung; — its music dies
Into a low pathetic tone
That cloistered in the memory lies
Once more with other songs to rise.

As in the silence of a wood
We hear the wind among the trees,
According to our present mood
The melody made by the breeze
Is softly plaintive by degrees.

A mountain cliff high up and steep
With moss is slowly overgrown,
There toiling lichens climb and creep, —
At last in crevice of the stone
A harebell by the wind is blown.

And so it is in human lives
Some tone of feeling lingers long;
Through generations it survives,
And when at last 'tis rooted strong
It buds and blossoms into song.

FOR ALL

NOT for that heart alone,
The heart that keeps on singing all day long,
In gladness of its own
And in a merry tone
Is made the winsome melody of song.

Another heart is near,
It may be of companion or of friend,
Or stranger may appear,
May stop a while to hear
The cadenced music falling to the end;

It may be no one stays
His steps to listen to the singer's voice,
But yet the note of praise
That hearts rejoicing raise
Must help to make the Giver's heart rejoice.

The Eternal Presence knows
What grace the harmony of music yields;
By that same order grows
The beauty of the rose,
The royal-mantled lily of the fields.

SONG OF SONGS

HE who sang the Song of Songs
Knew to whom that strain belongs; —
 To Love, the all-deserving;
To Love aye drawing soul to soul
As turns the needle to the pole,
 From that course never swerving.

This the song that's sung in praise
Of the love that with us stays
 Throughout life's journey ever, —
Love that casts no shadow here,
Knows no winter in its year
 And fails in duty never.

We who timidly essay
Singing songs of love to-day,
 We hesitate and falter;
Let us then in theme and tone
Make that Song of Songs our own,
 And not one accent alter.

SEA SHELLS

ARE songs of Ariel ringing clear,
Do sirens sing enchantingly? —
We hold the sea shell to the ear
And from its lip of pearl we hear
The low sweet music of the sea.

Poor empty shells! — upon the beach
We find them when the storm is o'er;
And now beyond the billows' reach
Those vocal lips yet strive to teach
What moans the ocean evermore.

They call to where sea-gardens sleep
In quietude of tropic seas,
And in their cadenced music keep
The secret longing of the deep
For earth's primeval harmonies.

Poor exiled shells that still repeat
Their nature song in undertone;
Responsive still to pulsing beat
Of ebb and flow, of cold and heat; —
What rhythm has creation known!

LIFE-SONG

WITHIN the heart the life-song singeth low
As at the border of the summer wood
All day unseen the veery singeth so
To quiet down her restless callow brood; —
It singeth low and long
The love-inspired song
That cheers the toilsome, up-hill way we go
Yet is by Nature's fondlings understood.

It is a song for other hearts to hear
Within their choir repeated o'er and o'er
As in the wood is heard from year to year
The mother bird her song of soothing pour,
Until, the world around,
That selfsame song is found
Filling the days of mortal life with cheer
And keeping hearts in concord evermore.

A song it is of peace along the way,
Of triumph as we come toward the end;
There is no pause the even step to stay,
No note that to impatient haste would tend.
Heaven is so very near
The way we journey here
We take the blessings offered day by day
And make them greater, sharing with a friend.

FOR INTERPRETING

O SINGER of the lonely wood
Within the dark and hollow glen
Of clustering mountains which include
Space rarely trod by feet of men,
Sing on in your deep solitude
In pensive mood,
Nor fear I will within your haunts intrude, —
And yet my songs — it seems to me
They could not be
Other than sweet if they were sung by thee!

Ah, singer knowing what is song
And knowing what is melody,
What things to our sober thought belong
And what belong to ecstasy,
Let your unstudied strain be short or long,
Feeble or strong,
You cannot in its rendering go wrong;
But let me try hard as I may
The simplest lay,
To Heaven's heart I fail to find my way.

SONGS UNSUNG

TWO spirits meeting on the narrow way
Of mortal life are both divinely thrilled,
Each with the other's presence, and yet they
Can find no utterance by which to say
With how much of delight their hearts are filled.

So is it that the soul is lacking speech
When most it feels of utterance the need,
The gift of language lacks the power to reach
Words of a meaning large enough to teach
What means from friend to friend the heart's
"God-speed."

Too late one realizes it has passed, —
The chance that he may with the other meet,
Remembers when they were together last,
Would give the world if he could life recast
And that fond session of two souls repeat.

It were in vain, — the words that we would say
Would linger yet on charmèd lip and tongue,
The fluttering heart our eager speech would stay,
And still in silence should we turn away; —
Thus do our sweetest songs remain unsung.

OF THE SPIRIT

IT is not the sunshine bright
Upon the burning sand,
It is not the tempest's might
On the unresisting strand,
But it is an action tender
As if a grace it would render
Removes the veil from our mortal sight,
And then we find that we stand
In the glory of Heaven's splendor.

It is not the music heard
Outringing loud and clear,
It is not the spoken word
That we are so glad to hear,
But it is that tone of feeling
Into our own hearts stealing
From hearts that by our grief are stirred
To the trembling of a tear
Their tenderness revealing.

WEFT OF SONG

THERE is need of more than the will,
Of more than the sprightliest thought,
There is need of more than the skill
With which are madrigals wrought,
To make such a song as will live
Wholly free from the well-measured line; —
'Tis the touch of a hand that will give
Somewhat of a spirit divine.

But the singer — he never can know
Full meaning of that which he sings,
For, whatever feeling may flow,
Yet more to his bosom there clings;
And he never can fathom the source
From which his own soul is supplied,
Nor ever will measure the force
Of his passion's outflowing tide.

Of a kindred soul is there need
If the currents of feeling shall flow,
For the rill would not run if the mead
Were not beckoning it from below;
But the thoughts which no words can express
To the heart of the singer belong;
Only what the heart feels in excess
Goes into the weft of a song.

WHY SAD?

THIS later age sings oftener of sorrow,
Laments its grief and pain;
From themes of sadness now our singers borrow
Their most familiar strain.

High notes of joy in song are heard no longer, —
Of joy in singer's heart,
But all the time is sad complaining stronger
Of life in every part.

It was not so — there was no thought of sadness,
Our race felt it was young
When out of hearts that overflowed with gladness
The earlier minstrels sung.

Men count their years as in their far recession
The years are by them seen,
A course of winters following in succession
With not a spring between;

Forgetful that all spiritual existence
Is not of years or days,
That the immortal with divine persistence
Somewhere forever stays.

FOR REMEMBRANCE

CARELESS if it be heard,
Or if no one be near
Its simple song to hear,
The sweetly singing bird
Out of a tuneful throat
Gives most enchanting note
Till all the woods with melody are stirred.

And so it is that one
Who sings to his own heart
Employs his highest art
E'en though there may be none
In his delight to share; —
He finds his guerdon there
In what remains after the song is done.

So is it now with me
While here I stroll along,
Sing to myself a song;
I pray that this may be
Kept as a souvenir,
For the singer's sake held dear
And treasured long in Love's fond memory.

IN WIDER SPHERE

ON boughs of orchard trees in early spring
In pink and white most delicate appear
Full, tender buds so shyly opening,
And promising rich fruitage of the year;
Beyond the vision of that early bloom
We scent the fragrance of its sweet perfume,
And while the beauty of the blossom clings
Within the shelter of its winter's rest
The spirit of that loveliness takes wings,
And my dull sense is with its presence blessed.

In thickets dense with osier twigs and leaves
By streamlet side the wood thrush makes her nest,
And here in holy hush of summer eves
She sings in peace her little ones to rest;
We may not catch the flash of mottled wings,
We may not watch the singer while she sings,
Night after night we sit and listen so,
Expectant of that voice all summer long,
Nor can the enraptured singer ever know
How many hearts are charmed by her sweet song.

SONG AND THE VOICE

THE song and "the Voice," — they are one,
"The Voice" that says to me, "Sing!"
There is nothing more to be done
But heed the low notes as they ring;
What may be to others a word
Of distress, of sorrow and pain,
When it comes to my hearing, is heard
As a chord of a musical strain.

Loud shoutings of gladness and mirth
Move humanity only in part,
It is the sharp cry of the earth
That reaches and quickens the heart;
The sunlight is warm on the hill,
And cool is the shade of the tree,
Each has its fine purpose to fill,
To give service to you and to me.

For the day, — it is followed by night
The wide circuit of our earth around,
Deep shadows are born of the light
As echo is offspring of sound;
The shades owe their lives to the sun,
To the sun all their graces belong,
So the song and "the Voice," — they are one,
Both abiding with us in the song.

IDLE THOUGHTS

I KNOW not if it be
Some waif of memory
 Out in the world astray,
Or if it be a thought
Out of the future brought
 Into our own to-day.

Under the open sky
I watch white clouds go by,
 Drifting along, wind-blown;
Whence come they, whither go?
Is not for me to know,
 Yet is their errand known.

These idle thoughts delay
Their course a while and stay
 With me through hours long,
And I would keep them near
To me through all the year,
 Inwoven into song.

APOLLO'S LYRE

BETWEEN these mountain slopes of rugged
form

That hold the plain as two confronting foes,
Their towering heads close-helmeted with snows,
Undaunted faces channeled by the storm;

Between these ledges piled
In broken masses wild

As golden stream the evening sun shines through;
With threads of living fire
And rain is formed a lyre
Such as persuasive hand of the god Apollo knew.

What though the strings be mute to mortal ear,
And human hand to touch them strive in vain?

Those strings of golden light and amber rain
Make in their colors harmony appear;

Of blending light and shade

A symphony is made

That runs between the hills as a river sweeps along;

And in that glow we see

Tones of a melody

Moving the reed-like heart as with a flood of song.

RETURN OF ORPHEUS

HE came in gladness on a pathway dim
That leads out from a realm of mystery,
With noiseless footsteps slowly followed him
The shadowy form of his Eurydice.

The singer touched the string by which his skill
Had charmed the dog beside the iron gate,
Had overcome the adamantine Will
That fixes firm the hard decrees of Fate;

He touched the string, he greeted light with song
Such as the world had never heard before;
With sorrow had his heart been burdened long,
But now with gladness was it running o'er.

His song was one of joy and victory
That he had wrought the purpose of his soul,
Had entered on the lists with Destiny
And had in triumph proudly reached the goal.

At length he turned his head aside to see
If she, his comrade, did applaud the theme,
Only to find the loved Eurydice
Had vanished as the vision of a dream.

IN DREAMLAND

UNWEARIEDLY we go a pathless way
Through dimly lighted land of dreams to seek
Some clearer, wider vision of the day
From towering summit of a lonely peak;
It is a shadowy land that we behold
Half-hidden by dark clouds that trail along
Beneath our feet,
The middle distance — an enchanted wold —
Is over flooded with impassioned song
Divinely sweet.

We know that we shall never reach again
That silent peak beneath the silent skies,
That music to recall we know is vain
Soon as the morning light unseals our eyes;
But there we stand enchanted, listening long
To untaught music of a fancied host
Of singing birds;
Half-conscious that the witchery of song
Must with the vanishing of dreams be lost,
Unwed to words.

MAGIC OF SONG

THE song that has been sung so many times,
Has lived in memory through so many years,
Set to a plaintive air in simple rhyme,
Falls with its charm of music on the ears
And moves the soul to tears.

Is it the vibrant sympathetic word
That's spoken in a fondly loving tone,
Or strain of music once in rapture heard,
Stealing its way into the heart alone
With magic of its own?

Ah, who can tell from what deep-hidden source
The tenderest feelings of our nature rise,
Or by what channels they will take their course?
We only know their silvery current lies
Close bordering Paradise.

The thoughts that with the simple strain have birth
Are kindred with the heart's first dream of love,
They lift the impassioned spirit from the earth
And all the soul's enraptured feelings move
On flower-strewn paths above.

FROM YEAR TO YEAR

FROM year to year, from spring to spring,
Soon as I hear the bluebird sing,
 There comes to me the memory
Of what the dear birds used to bring.

A promise clear of brighter skies
That Winter here to us denies
 On azure wings the bluebird brings
Our hearts to cheer with glad surprise.

How have I heard that song to-day!
The little bird, so blithe and gay,
 From its full throat poured simple note
That without word charms me for aye.

It leads me back through many years
Along a track that's marked with tears
 Until I reach the tideless beach
Whereon the wrack of time appears.

Here I remain and listen long
To hear again the bluebird's song.
 O could I make for his dear sake
My simple strain as clear and strong!

HARMONIES

'T IS not alone to cadenced song,
To strains of music that we hear,
The sweetest harmonies belong
That bring the heart its brightest cheer;
It may be that a floweret, seen
Among the grass with happy face,
Gives added beauty to the green
Where God has set it in that place.

We hear the sound of village bells
Across wide space of waters float,
The pulsing music fails and swells
With idle rocking of our boat;
Upon its way that chiming stole
Some portion of the lily's dower,
And now we know how sweet a soul
Is wedded to how fair a flower.

These harmonies to outward sense
Are faintly typical of those
That come to us, we know not whence,
And charm our spirits to repose;
Identities of wish and thought
That unto kindred souls belong,
Form, when they are together brought,
An unheard, unrecorded song.

BOYHOOD

ON orchard slope, in bordering wood,
The birds are singing clear
A gladsome song of happy mood
It is a joy to hear; —
To hear the blackbird calling shrill,
The wood-thrush calling low,
Song-sparrow singing by the rill
Soft as its waters flow.

The liquid notes of morning song
Fall soft as falls the dew
On ferns and grasses all night long
The field and meadow through;
It sets the current of the stream
With pulsing air in tune,
And lilies on the water dream
Of river-banks in June.

So is it that the morning breaks
With every sign of joy,
So is it that the world awakes
To wake the sleeping boy;
For him the pleasure of the eyes,
The blessing of the ears,
The beauty that around him lies,
The music that he hears.

ONLY TWO

DO you, dear Heart, do you recall
One morning when the world was young,
The bloom of spring was over all
And gates of Eden outward swung
To let a happy pair go through, —
Do you recall that one was you?

They were alone — that happy pair —
That new-made world was all their own;
For them it had been made so fair,
Its fields with flowers thickly sown; —
Made beautiful for only two,
And one of these, dear Heart, was you.

The splendor of the morning light,
The glory of the crownèd day,
The steadfastness of sable night
Whose altar fires are lit for aye; —
So much of beautiful and true,
Of God's great gifts for only two!

Wrapped in an atmosphere of bliss
As sculptor's dream in smiling stone,
Do we forget ourselves to this,
To see the universe our own! —
All this delight for only two,
Your own fond love, dear Heart, and you!

TO THE SINGER

CEASE not, O Singer, do not cease thy song;
Mine ears have listened to its music long,
 And now my heart as well
 Would own the magic spell
Of its low melody that is though sweetly clear yet
 strong.

Sing on, sweet minstrel of the wayside choir,
Content with gratitude for hire;
 Content your gift to share,
 Content to lighten care,
To help some other gifted soul to loftier heights
 aspire.

Cease not, O Singer, do not cease thy song;
Thy gifts of magic to mankind belong;
 The sweetness of thy voice
 May help the world rejoice,
Remind it of the good and true and serve to banish
 wrong.

Sing on, sweet minstrel of the happiest birth,
Whose calling is to cheer the home and hearth;
 Sing of a higher home
 To which the soul shall come
And learn at last how poor this life and yet how
 great its worth.

HEART OF YOUTH

O HEART of Youth, forever young,
For sweetest strains divinely strung;
 How do those chords, vibrating still,
 The soul with tenderest feeling thrill!
And how to memory has clung
 The music of our earlier years,
How have those chiming accents rung
 To shifting moods of smiles and tears,
 To songs no other singer hears!

Dear Heart of Youth, forever strong
Against all violence of wrong,
 That faints not from the length of way
 Nor from the burden of the day;
Go with me all life's journey long,
 Support of your fine courage lend,
And cheer me with your happy song;
 Be thou my faithful constant friend,
 My fellow-traveler to the end!

THE LAST SONG

THE play was over and the music ended,
The lights were burning low,
And vanished all the glittering pageant splendid
That ruled short time ago;
Now empty were the benches which were rendered
Tumultuous with applause
That to the gentle singer had been tendered
Unstinted at each pause; —
'Twas but a child, last one of all in leaving,
Now turning at the door.
As if in faith of childish soul believing
There must be one note more.
The singer saw those tender eyes appealing
Unto a tender heart,
She sang one strain of lofty song revealing
More than all skill of art.
Transported with her joy, the young girl listened
To music such as this;
Then, smiling thanks from deep blue eyes that
glistened,
Sent back a good-night kiss.

AT HOSTELRY OF THOUGHT

WHO builds the mansion of his mind
Seeks strongest timber he can find
 From olden forests brought;
Lays the foundation strong and deep
The stately edifice to keep
 For sheltering of thought.

Here will he entertain with rest
The stranger and the bidden guest, —
 With rest, good-cheer and wine;
Here host with guest and friend with friend
Will meet and in sweet converse blend
 The human and divine.

When here a thought at fading light
May seek a shelter for the night
 Worn by a journey long,
'Tis given warm bath, rich feast in hall,
The very softest couch of all
 In bed-chamber of song.

HERITAGE OF SONG

NOT on cold lips of stone
As those of Memnon old,
Of which is marvel told
That when the sun first shone
At morning hour his rays
Awoke a hymn of praise
Sung in exultant tone,
O'er leagues of desert rolled;

Not thus has Song appeared
When first upon the earth
Has she had glorious birth,
Has hearts of mortals cheered,
But on fair lips that smiled
Sweetly as dreaming child
Has Song been born and reared
To her immortal worth.

O softly warbled Song
Led by Apollo's lyre,
Whose heart does Love inspire,
To whom does Art belong,
Thou hast thy heritage
In that far Golden Age
When hearts of men were strong,
Were noble in desire.

THE UNHEARD CHOIR

WHO listens to the passing winds may note,
Day after day through year succeeding year,
A sigh of sadness on the breezes float,
With falling dew see drop a silent tear;
Far bitter cry of anguished soul may hear
Across the wave as if now Charon's boat
To that unlighted shore were drawing near.

Who wanders by the river on its way
From lake among the mountains to the sea
May fancy that the waters are at play
Where they leap over ledges, bounding free;
May hear them laughing in an ecstasy
Of pure delight, and where they idly stay
Their course, hear an unsouled Undine's glee.

The one in sympathy with Nature feels
More than to soul of man sense ever brings,
With what he sees into his being steals
Yet clearer vision of diviner things;
With note of woodland songster faintly rings
Another note responsive, that reveals
What melody an unheard choir sings.

IN HARMONY

THE burden of winds that blow
From the chilly west,
The burden of drifting snow
That will never rest;
The rhythmic beating of wings
As they sweep along,
And the voice of the maiden who sings
A low, sweet song;

These are but voices of earth,
Of earth and of sky,
Children's shouting in mirth
And the sea-mew's cry;
Many the hymns of praise
And the songs of woe;
Many and varied the lays
From hearts below.

But these to the Infinite Ear
Blend in one strain,
Both what is pleasing to hear
And what is pain,
For the Grand Composer takes,
Of dirge and of glee,
Notes discordant and makes
Sweet melody.

SINGING OF THE SOUL

THE cricket puts so much of hearty cheer,
So much of summer gladness in his song
That, walking in the fields, I seem to hear
The selfsame cricket singing all day long
So merrily
The world must seem to be
A world of light and joy for him and me.

The cricket keeps up his low monotone
While on the birch white-throated sparrow sings,
In dusk of twilight cricket sings alone
Regardless of the hush that evening brings;
He has no care
If you or I be there,
Or song be wasted on the silent air.

So is it with the singing of the soul
That goes its way in quietude of peace,
Its heart once fixed upon the distant goal,
From song of gladness never will it cease,
But all the way
Whether by night or day
Will make life happy with its voice so gay.

LOVE AND FAITH

IS there love that shall last through the years,
With increase of their numbers grow strong?
Is there hope that is shadowed by fears
And grief that is softened by tears?
Then is there a need for so long
Of the sweet ministration of Song.

Is there faith that holds fast to the truth
While truth bears the scoff and the scorn?
Is there wisdom that's comrade of youth
And companion of age? then forsooth
Will the world turn again toward the morn,
Exult in a Song newly born.

For a faith that is simple and just,
For a love that's unselfish and strong,
The world waits in confident trust
Believing these two pillars must
To the beautiful gateway belong
That admits to the temple of Song.

IN POVERTY

THE Singer himself is poor,
He was born to no higher estate,
His infancy played round the cottage door,
Not inside the palace gate; —
He had for his childhood mate
The Muse who is ever young,
And she to his heart and soul has sung
What songs are yet lingering late;

Has sung of the sweet content
That is found on the countryside
Where lives in the quiet of home are spent,
Where pleasures of youth abide;
The Muse has kept close by his side,
Repeating of home-life the praise; —
To mingle her notes in his lays
Evermore the Singer has tried.

And not unhappy the song
Nor plaintive the simple strain
He carols forth as he trudges along
Over life's dusty plain; —
In a world of sorrow and pain
To have the fond Muse by his side
Is to have her a joy-bringing bride,
And himself to be youthful again.

TIME'S ANTHOLOGY

HERE from the sifting of the years,
From all the product of the past,
The finest of its thought appears,
What Fate declares that it shall last.

Upon these pages softly glow
What lights have burned in former years,
We read these tender words and know
They have been often read with tears.

With ease the devious ways we trace
By which has singers' fancy gone,
And joining those of equal pace
With them we proudly follow on.

So in the future there shall be
Those who in our to-day shall find
That in the realms of Poesy
There is a brotherhood of mind.

A word of truth, if it be new,
A word of faith, if it be strong,
Shall last the coming ages through
And be the inspiring theme of song.

THE FINER SENSE

O THAT one might be given so fine an ear
That he could hear
The growing grass at opening of the year!
Hear violets creep
Out of their beds after a winter's sleep
Dreamless and deep!

What pleasure would the heart of mortal gain
To hear the strain
Of exultation from upspringing grain!
To hear the sweet
Low childish voices of young blades of wheat
Each other greet!

Was not this to our earliest parents given,
The gift of Heaven
Before they were from Eden's garden driven?
Thus making Eve
So tenderly, so passionately grieve
Her flowers to leave?

Our gifts are portioned to us as our need,
Our longings lead
The soul to venture on some worthy deed; —
Enough is fair,
Enough of melody is everywhere
Were we aware.

THEMES OF SONG

THE painter chooses subjects for his brush
From what around him most lifelike appears,
A boy, it may be, listening to a thrush,
Enchanted with the melody he hears;
Or it may be where age with youth at play
Puts off the sober mask of care and pain,
And going back o'er many years to-day
Becomes at heart a happy child again.

It is not always that of far-off things,
Of half-forgotten battles long ago,
Nor of heroic deeds the minstrel sings; —
More oft his songs from nearer fountain flow.
Fond pressure of a hand, fond look of love,
May lead him life's long pathway to retrace,
Care of the intervening years remove,
And bring him with his childhood face to face.

His are again the unspoken thoughts of youth,
Bright scenes are round him, fairy-like, to bless,
He has once more the friendship that is truth,
The smile of Nature that is loveliness;
And finding that of all this pleasant earth
The goodliest portion to himself belongs,
Within his heart most generous thoughts have
birth,
And these he puts into his happiest songs.

SOUL OF SILENCE

SOUL of Silence, standing near
At the opening of the year
 When the winds of April blow
 Over fields of melting snow,
What of heartiness and cheer
In the bluebird's song you hear!

Song with gladness running o'er,
Telling Spring is here once more;
 Telling heart of bird was true
 All the silent Winter through,
That the dream of bud and bough
Is made good in beauty now.

Soul of Silence, waiting still
For the echo from the hill,
 Waiting for the song to be
 Outburst mad of revelry,
You will wait in patience till
Mingled songs the woodland fill.

SO LONG

So long as Love remains,
 So long
Will sound the silvery strains
 Of song
That tells of joys and pains,
Of losses and of gains
That unto Love's domains
 Belong.

So long as Love is here,
 So long
Shall we in rapture hear
 His song
Ringing so loud and clear,
Free from all notes of fear,
As borne from sphere to sphere
 Along.

So long as Love is fair,
 So long
Will Joy and Sorrow share
 That song;
For love is bold to wear
The warrior's helm, to bear
Arms in the fight, to dare
 Be strong.

HEART OF GLADNESS

O HEART of Gladness, Heart of Joy,
Dear happy Heart of happy boy!
The skies above are bright and clear,
The world around fair to the sight,
Sweet songs of birds for one to hear,
And life nought but a pure delight;
What need of greater happiness
Glad heart of happy boy to bless!

He lives to Nature very near
In things to see, in things to hear,
In beauty of the oriole's wing,
In melody of linnet's song;
To him soft airs of summers bring
A query he has pondered long, —
What land beyond the water lies
To which the summer swallow flies?

Can it be fairer than his own,
With more to charm than he has known?
If so, why should the swallow fly
So far across the sea to bring
Its prophecy of summer nigh
While yet it is our chilly spring?
And this the only weight of care
Light-hearted boyhood has to bear!

AGE OF SONG

THERE was a time when waiting mortals heard
Some notes of song that came from higher sphere,
More musical than any spoken word
From human lips has ever fallen here;
Then walked Apollo on Cyllene's height,
Woke with his voice the lyre's reponsive string,
Then joined the maiden Muses with delight
In choral dance around Pierian spring.

There was a time when tuneful waters ran
With merry laughter reedy banks between,
From time to time were heard sweet songs of Pan,
Although the singer of them was unseen;
The winds upon the river's face were still
Yet reeds were trembling all its banks along,
What could it be but that the master's skill
Was waking these to harmony of song.

The age of song was ended long ago,
Its time among mankind was very brief,
It went as soon as men to hear were slow
And lost the ease of childhood for belief; —
We hear no more the streamlet's rhythmic flow,
The reeds' entrancing music without end,
Because we do no longer care to know
To make the low, soft notes of Nature blend.

THE HAPPY HEART

THE happy heart goes all the day
A quiet grass-grown path along,
With smiling face it cheers the way,
It makes the burden light with song,
At coming of the morn 'tis gay,
At evening is with labor strong.

The happy heart of happy boy
Goes all the way with toiling man,
Whatever heavy tasks employ
His hand he does them as he can;
At their completion finds the joy
That all his hopes and dreams outran.

Unlike the halting tired feet,
The heart ne'er feels the need of rest;
Repose to weary limbs is sweet
And that given by the heart is best;
Where merry heart and duty meet,
There is the life of mortal blest.

SONG AND ECHO

THE singer puts his heart into a song
And sends this forth to wander at its will,
To follow bank of meadow stream along
Or clamber up the slope of wooded hill
To where does Echo in her rocky cell
Receive the visitor with ecstasy,
And practising the novel measure well
Give back the song anew in melody, and melody,
and melody.

Or it may be the vagrant one shall meet
Some lonely heart that has been waiting long,
That now is glad another heart to greet,
Give entertainment to a homeless song;
And there the wanderer contented dwells,
Hostess and guest in perfect harmony; —
Echo and song chime as do marriage bells
Their happy tidings ring in melody, and melody,
and melody.

FOOTFALLS OF THOUGHT

FOND thoughts that to the poet's soul appear
But steps of unseen angels going by,
Whose footfalls to his senses ringing clear
Reveal to him a heavenly presence near
Although denied his vision to descry.

Those steps seem always coming from above,
Seem never, never from him to depart,
He hears them on the ladder-rungs of love
From Heaven descending, and their hurryings prove
They find warm hostelry within his heart.

Nor do they venture forth, again to stray,
Until there comes an eager soul to hear,
And then as in a choral dance do they
Repeat harmonious numbers in the lay
Sung by the poet to enchanted ear.

And thus it is that one inspired thought
Goes on its destined way around the earth;
Its music some impassioned soul has caught,
Has into melody its footfalls wrought; —
Song, of immortal youth, has come to birth!

DAY COMES WITH SONG

DAY comes with song,
Soon as the morning breaks
Over the crest of low, gray eastern hills,
Its gentle footfall wakes
The tuneful choir that makes
Sweet melody of joyfulness that fills
The woods around, that sends clear limpid rills
Of softly flowing song
With lulling lapse of murmuring stream green
meadow's marge along.

Day goes with song,
When down the glowing west
The sun goes to his chamber for the night,
Leaving the world to rest,
The swallow in her nest
Pavilioned o'er with evening clouds all bright
With gold and amber of day's fading light; —
Then does the hour belong
To simply artless cadenced close of veery's vesper
song.

SILENCE

SHE comes before us oft, we know not whence,
No footfalls of her coming do we hear,
So softly will she leave us, going hence,
No farewell utterance falling on our ear,
No word of vain regret nor word of cheer;
No rustling of her dress
Nor benison to bless
The heart of Feeling, to relieve the sense
Of that which in her presence most we fear, —
The sense of loneliness.

And this is Silence, — of all comrades best
When we are with her in the world alone,
When in the stillness of an hour of rest
We hear a music hitherto unknown,
A harmony of sentiment and tone
That doth express the whole
Entrancement of the soul
When, with a consciousness of selfhood blest,
It feels a tide of rapture all its own
Into its bosom roll.

ABSENT-HEARTED

I LOVE my Love; — far as his feet may go
There shall my love outrun him on his way;
Or let him loiter by the streamlet slow,
Or let him linger where the violets grow,
There shall my love beside him fondly stay;
How can he — thus attended — fail to know
That while I live, and while I love him so,
My life is lonely, for my Heart's away
With loving Thought to-day!

My Love loves me, and that is all I care,
To have his love that I may call my own;
Let others have all that is bright and fair,
Let others joy in love, — they cannot share
That which I feel is felt for me alone;
How do I — thus attended — everywhere
Find Life a gladsome thing of beauty rare,
And all her paths with fragrant flowers strewn,
Tree-shaded and grass-grown!

HOSPITALITY OF THE HEART

THE early-rising sun of summer throws
Upon the mountain's brow its golden light,
It overspreads the field of winter snows
With blushing of the rose,
Lending a ruddy radiance to the white.

In bringing up the glory of the day
To give low eastern cloud its fringe of gold,
The beams that round the mountain summits play
That lavish gift display
In tenderness of tint a thousand fold.

We see the wealth of color in the tone
Of light that has come through the falling rain,
And so is beauty of the morning shown
In radiant sunbeams thrown
Back from the high snow-mantled peaks again.

The joys of life, too, have their greatest zest
Not in those things that are directly given; —
The most delightful and most welcome guest
That comes to human breast
Is he who is by stress of weather driven.

PICTURED SONG

THE man who painted sang as well,
So do the olden stories tell;
He sang of beauty, sang of grace
The while he limned the lady's face;
He sang the valiant deed and brave
Whene'er he wished the expression grave,
But love inspired his song the while
He painted that bewitching smile
Which lingers yet through ages long
And still rewards the artist's song.

O could those lips round which there plays
The sunshine of departed days,
Could they repeat the tender strain,
Those touching words of song again,
How would our souls with music fill,
Our hearts with noble passion thrill!
Then should we hand of artist bless,
The artist's charming voice no less; —
But no, — song on our earth delays
Only in smile that song repays.

THE SINGER

WHAT is the poet's aim?
Some wounded heart to reach
That he a truth may teach
Of comfort to the same.

What is the poet's thought?
It is of noblest worth,
Of virtue here on earth
From heights celestial brought.

What is the poet's dream?
A vision of the Right
Prevailing over Might
And made the law supreme.

What is the poet's prayer?
That in another sphere
What is the rarest here
Be found most common there.

What is the poet's faith?
In some fond memory
His simple song shall be
Kept sacred after death.

SINGER AND HEARER

THE figure in the block of marble hidden
From every eye except the artist's own
Will, by the magic beck of Genius bidden,
Step from the stone.

And so the beauty in the rosebud's keeping
Through winter snows, away from mortal sight,
Is ready at the touch of Summer, leaping
Into the light.

Beyond the chimes from village belfry ringing,
Adown the silence of the evening air,
We hear from wooded slope a bird song bringing
The worship there.

So in a verse melodiously flowing
In lines composed of harmony complete,
Are heard the pulses of a heart throb showing
Music more sweet; —

Showing how vast that Delian possession,
How far beyond the inspired one's control,
That it should find a still more full expression
In other soul.

POWER OF SONG

IT may be that some heart has felt,
When it was very sore from wrong,
Blest anodyne of sorrow dealt
So sweetly, gratefully by song,
And it has blessed the art divine
That poured the balm of oil and wine
Upon a spirit suffering long.

It may be that some kindly word
Joined to a soft, melodious strain,
In time of grief and trouble heard,
Has had full power to ease a pain;
Then who shall say the singer's voice
May not in its high art rejoice,
Nor deem that it has sung in vain?

O power of song to raise the soul
When this in deep dejection lies, —
As deep as was of Eve the dole
When she went out from Paradise;
What fadeless laurel wreaths belong
To those who having gift of song
Its sweet enchantment exercise!

SINGING AND TOILING

I HAVE a life in common with the shy
And wary creatures of the field and wood,
A life withdrawn from the World's curious eye,
And by the indifferent little understood.
My waking hours belong
To artless song
As that is warbled by the hedgerow bird,
And in my slumber dreams
The dear Muse seems
To sing the sweetest songs were ever heard.

I have a life in common with the throng
Of busy toilers in the mart and field,
With working men have made my muscles strong
In garnering what the furrowed soil would yield.
To me the evening hush
And song of thrush
Have often come as welcome call to rest;
And yet I cannot say
With yea or nay
Whether is singing or is toiling best.

SADNESS OF SONG

THE bird sings o'er and o'er
Its one unvarying score
Repeated day by day
And sung year after year,
One softly warbled lay
So musically clear
That when its notes we hear
Unto our Souls we say,
"Come to the hills, away;
Now is the Summer near!"

Not so with what belongs
To the music of our songs;
Sometimes a cry of pain
Comes from vibrating strings,
Breaks the melodious strain,
A note of discord rings;
Unto our heart it brings,
As south wind brings the rain,
Full sense of effort vain
Oft as the fond heart sings.

SILENCE OF THE SOUL

I LISTEN to the singing of a bird
Not for the sweetness of the music heard
 Though charming be that song,
But for deep silence that shall follow soon
Made sweetly tender by a haunting tune
 To be remembered long.

How will that simple lay come back to me
And dwell at peace within my memory,
 Sweet as it was of yore;
When as a boy I listened at the spring
To hear what songs the happy wild birds sing
 Repeated o'er and o'er!

So may it be with hours we idly spend
In joys that seem with flight of time to end,
 Or pass from our control;
It may be that these hours of idleness
Are garnering some gracious thought to bless
 The silence of the soul.

SING ON!

SING on, sweet Voice so fondly heard
By mate of yours from neighboring tree;
Sing on, glad Heart of happy bird,
Your cheerful song to gladden me;
Sing o'er and o'er
That simple score
Of love conveying all the lore.

Sing on, dear Songster of the wood,
That gives to melody your best;
Sing on, to quiet little brood
That chirp and flutter in the nest;
Sing o'er and o'er
That simple score
Was sung to linnet brood of yore.

Sing on, O Heart so full of joy
To hear a strain remembered long,
A note that charmed me when a boy,
To which would I attune my song;
Sing o'er and o'er
That simple score
As if 'twere never sung before.

IN SIMPLE PHRASE

IN simple phrase
Such as our fathers used in earlier days,
 The spinner at the door
 Sings o'er and o'er
To hum of wheel her old familiar lays.

Her songs beguile
The weariness of spinner's toil the while
 Do shadows on the ground
 Creep slowly round,
And noon's fierce ardor softens to a smile.

Those ballads old
Tell of the past all that is to be told;
 Stories of love and faith
 Outlasting death,
Of deeds heroic — of adventures bold.

Sweet homely lays,
They win for her who sings no lasting bays,
 But move the one who hears
 E'en unto tears,
His heart touched by a song in simple phrase.

MINISTRY OF SONG

SONG sweetens toil, it makes all labor light,
To gentle heart of Sorrow gladness brings,
It cheers the hour of gloom with radiance bright
As if the shadow were from angel wings; —
The weaver at his loom in clear tone sings
Some ballad rhythmic with the shuttle's flight,
That o'er his web a mystic pattern flings
Of deeds heroic told of valiant knight.

To flowing verse and melody belong
The nobler words and actions of the past,
Defence of Right, the bold attack of Wrong
As with a war-cry and with trumpet blast; —
The minstrel's songs all memory outlast,
Outlast the bastion and the bulwark strong;
The history of war and conquest vast
Is long outlived by simple peasant song.

And so it is some tale of pity told
In humble verse and set to simple strain,
Some tale of Hecuba or Priam old,
Of Hector dragged upon the Trojan plain,
Or of some chivalric crusader slain,
Of our compassion takes enduring hold,
All efforts to forget the song are vain,
Its cadences and rhythm our being mould.

DEAR HEART

HOW many springs that once were new,
Were fresh with bloom, with promise fair,
Before they to their ageing grew,
Before they any fading knew,
Or felt the shadow of a care; —
How many were they! — yet too few
For me to spend along with you,
Dear Heart, and learn your virtues rare.

How many summers have grown old,
Have sadly vanished from the earth,
How many harvests ripened gold,
How many winters with their cold
Have built the fires upon the hearth! —
How many are they! yet too few
For me to spend along with you,
Dear Heart, and come to know your worth.

The many seasons we have known
Each other's presence, being near,
Have brought a blessing of their own,
And now that they as birds are flown
Still bides that blessing with us here, —
That we in springs and summers new,
Not less in cheerless winters, grew
Each to the other yet more dear.

SONGS

THERE are songs for days that are bright,
And songs for the days that are dull,
Songs for the days that are filled with light
And for days that of darkness are full;
There are songs for hearts that are young,
For hearts that are weary and sore,
And these are the songs that will still be sung
When the makers of them are no more.

There are songs for the friends who are here,
For the friends who are far away,
And songs that the hearts of the weary may cheer
In the burden and heat of the day;
There are songs of a tenderer chord
That may tell of a holier love,
And they need of our speech not a single word
To be known by the angels above.

There are songs for the great and the small,
Those of high and of low degree,
For the heroes of war who in battle fall
And for those who are lost at sea;
There are songs for our smiles and our tears,
For our seasons of sadness and mirth,
But what in the songs to the coming years
Shall tell of their maker's worth?

TWIN SISTERS

COMPANIONS close upon their lonely way
Two graceful figures slowly move along,
One richly clad and one in sober gray, —
Silence unshod and her twin sister, Song.

One looking downward as in thoughtful mood,
The other looking to the heavens above;
One pondering matters feebly understood,
The other singing joyously of love.

There was no cloud nor shadow on the face
Of either comrade as they journeyed on,
But as they passed they left upon the place
An air of loneliness where had they gone.

One missed the music of the singer's voice
That rang out to the morning loud and clear,
Its full tones making heart of youth rejoice
That so much melody of song was here;

But more he missed the silence that had passed
As runs a river's current deep and strong,
For of its unheard harmonies at last
Was woven to the soul most perfect song.

WINGS OF SONG

WEAVING figures most intricate
Over the background of the sky,
Summer swallow and summer mate
Up with the clouds together fly,
Or over green meadows below,
Unweariedly to and fro
Swift as a thought they go
Bright sunlight through
On wings of blue.

So do the thought and the vision appear
Coming silently into view,
Showing somewhat of graces here,
Some of the beauty they have come through.
How does that vision glow
As after the rain does the bow,
How brighter does beauty show
When borne along
On wings of song!

SONG OF LINUS

FAR slope of upland shows a spacious field
Now growing into gold with ripening corn,
And beaming as a warrior's ready shield
Full in the glorious light of early morn;
We see at work the reapers bending low,
Their crescent sickles flashing in the light,
Behind them keavils lying in a row,
The husbandman rejoicing in the sight.

They sing — those laborers together sing
A song by Linus made for men of yore,
A song of gladness when 'tis sung in spring,
Of sadness, sung when summer time is o'er;
They sing the coming of a radiant boy,
The ecstasy of childhood in his eyes,
At his appearance here they sing what joy!
What grief and lamentation when he dies!

O song immortal in the heart of man,
And still repeated in an echoing strain,
Sweet song for men at reaping that once ran
Along the border of a field of grain!
Sweet song of Linus' making by which he
Through passing years has been remembered long,
So that by sight of toiling reapers we
Are yet reminded of that ancient song.

LESBIAN SONG

TWO Lesbian maidens, toiling at the mill
In the morning still,
Before the day
Comes over eastern hills full-robed in gray,
Sing in soft measure of Pierian phrase
Apollo's praise;
In notes of joy
They sing of Aphrodite and her boy;
So do the Lesbian maids in music mask
Laborious task
To make it seem
A festival they're keeping in a dream.

For centuries the noise of Lesbian mill
At morn is still;
At temple shrine
Apollo is no longer held divine;
To Venus and her boy do men to-day
Small homage pay;
The Muses now
Are seldom honored with a thought or vow;
But yet that Lesbian song lives evermore
As sung of yore,
And hours so long
Are yet made swifter by the wings of song.

HEART HUNGER

NOT with wine and not with bread
Heart of man is cheered and fed, —
Not with common fare,
Something more than life can give
Needs the human heart to live
And its burdens bear.

Heart of childhood, heart of youth
Needs the sturdy strength of truth
Manhood may attain;
In its doubts and in its fears
Needs companionship of years,
Counsel wisely sane.

So the weary heart of age
Needs upon its pilgrimage
All the mirth and joy
It remembers to have had
When the old man was a lad,
Mischief-loving boy.

All life's way of loneliness,
Needing more or needing less,
Other wants above;
In its smiling and its tears
Gloom that saddens, light that cheers,
Heart of man wants love.

SING CARE AWAY

SING Care away, say her "Good-bye!"

Give her "God-speed with gladness!"

Too long she may not linger nigh

With gloomy thought of sadness!

Sing to her measures soft and low

To lead her whither streamlets flow,

That she, beguiled by music so,

May hasten downward to the shore,

Herself and comrades hurried,

And, taking ship, sail quickly o'er

To those who will not be worried.

Bid Care begone, nor let her stay

With all her crew annoying,

So sing as to charm Care away,

Your sweetest notes employing;

Sing what is lively, what is gay,

What lightens toil, what heightens play,

The joy of living day by day; —

Sing what will hasten Trouble's flight,

His heavy burdens winging,

What will as well give you delight

The while that you are singing.

ABODE OF SONG

FROM mountain side bursts forth the impatient
spring,

It leaps the broken ledges at a bound,
And on their way the happy waters sing

A song of gladness to the rocks around;

They lead my fancy to the unmeasured sea

Where they will be

With that immensity of waste at home,

Where round the mainland with its rock-bound
shore

Forevermore

Will they be fretting in a fringe of foam.

They lead my fancy by a sunlit way

Up to the clouds that drift across the sky,

That bring across the fields the shadows gray

And to the mountain springs their fresh supply,

'Tis thus the singing streams forever go

With steady flow

In eager haste to meet the rising tide,

But here alone with Echo and with me

For company

The happy songs choose ever to abide.

HEART'S COINAGE

THE years are full of pleasure,
Joy is the heart's best treasure
Kept in its coffer strong,
As is the miser's money,
The store of hoarded honey
Kept through the seasons long;
But were the heart less wary,
Were of its wealth less chary,
This were given forth in song.

The metals of our mining
Have need of a refining
And need of an alloy
To help them in the bearing
Of service hard and wearing
For commerce to employ;
But all the merry ringing
Of the heart's exultant singing
Is that of native joy.

A SONG

A SONG of words but few
Repeated o'er and o'er,
To you, dear Heart, to you
So often sung before!
The music can have nothing new,
But, having grace, may wander through
Your heart with memories for a clue
To heart of hearts once more.

A song of words but few
In which would Love complain,
To you, dear Heart, to you
So often sung in vain!
To tell of faithfulness as true
As heart of mortal ever knew,
Of force as strong as that which drew
The tide across the main.

A song of words but few
Sung in a minor strain,
To you, dear Heart, to you
Sung o'er and o'er again!
To win your pitying sight to view
The latest flower in Eden grew,
Was watered by Contrition's dew,
Of Sorrow's tears the rain.

FROM THE HEIGHTS

FROM the hills, the silent hills,
Come the merrily laughing rills
 Bounding along
 With mirth and song
That wakens the echoes from their sleep and with
 gladness the valley fills.

Down from the hills they bring
That song of triumph they sing
 When over the edge
 Of the broken ledge
They leap in a frenzy of mad delight and the spray
 to the sunshine fling.

Down to the meadows below
They bring the coolness of snow,
 A refreshing draught
 That is eagerly quaffed
By the noontide-resting *fleurs de lys* among which
 the streamlets flow.

So into our lives are brought
From the upper ranges of thought
 Full harmony
 Of minstrelsy
By the magic charm of whose cheerfulness our quiet
 of soul is wrought.

LAND OF SONG

BENEATH the smiling of Arcadian skies
That make of all the year a summer long,
In restful quietude of Nature lies
The happy Land of Song.

Amid the peacefulness of growing things
That help to fill with joy the passing days,
There sits the Muse of Melody and sings
Of Love and Song the praise.

The wings of fancy fan soft ambient air
By which fair flowers of thought are gently
wooded,
And faithful Memory indulges there
A meditative mood.

The Past and Present greeting pleasantly
Along a common shore together run
As bits of wreckage meeting on the sea
Thenceforth are only one.

Around these shores the sea of passion flows
In tidal currents running swift and strong,
Its hoarser accents blending yet with those
From happy Land of Song.

HEARD SILENCES

WE do not note the ticking of the clock
That through the years has marked the steps
of Time,
But let it stop, our ears receive a shock —
The silences to startling loudness climb;
So 'tis when in the singing of a choir
At intervals does measured cadence fall,
Then does responsive feeling mount the higher,
Unwhispered music ruling over all,
Then do we realize that Heaven is nigher
From having heard its clear unspoken call.

There is that lingers on the mortal sense,
As faint impression of an undertone,
A still small voice that ever follows whence
At birth we came an unmarked way alone;
A voice we hear the same however far
On life's uncharted ocean waste we roam;
Heard clearest when there is no sound to mar
Sweet harmonies of accents as they come,
And evermore unto our souls they are
A cordial bidding of our spirits home.

A LITTLE SONG

A LITTLE song
Heard from the hedge along
 The roadside where our way
Winds up the hill,
With lapsing trill
 Cheers the hot, dusty day; —
That singing low
Entrances so
 It charms all sense of weariness away.

A word of cheer
Heard from a comrade near
 Amid the din of strife,
Of spear and shield
On battle-field
 With toil and danger rife; —
That word may mean
More than we glean
 From all the discipline of Fate and Life.

HEART OF SONG

DOWN the noisy, crowded street
Comes the voice of young girl singing
Some old pastoral low and sweet
From Sicilian hill-slopes bringing
Breath of music that was sung
In the soft Italian tongue
When Proserpinè was young,
Fadeless flowers on Enna springing.

Few the passers-by that care
For the singing of the maiden,
Few of all this crowd that share
Weight with which her heart is laden;
She, an alien, singing here
In a voice that's ringing clear, —
Hardly she keeps back the tear; —
Lonely soul, true-hearted maiden!

Charm pathetic of her song
Lies not in the words are spoken,
Notes of music quavering long
Are of grief and pain the token;
Who along the street will say
As he goes upon his way,
"Heart of Song is sad to-day
Because the singer's heart is broken."

MYSTERY

WHO cannot find
Within the realm of thought
Some fit employment of his mind
On lessons Life has taught,
Would he be happier, brought
Whence he might view the whole
Created universe from pole to pole,
Or any happier be
Knowing the secrets of Eternity?

Heaven has revealed
So much as we need know,
And wisely from us has concealed
What is the better so;
The years will quickly go
And then it will appear
For what good purpose we have sojourned here,
And we at last shall see
Our faith was grounded fast in mystery.

HEART SILENCE

WHEN lips are mute, when all the breath is
spent,

When words are wanting, tears begin to start,
Then are unspoken feelings eloquent,
Then are we moved by silence of the heart.

It may be but a look now turned away,
It may be but the pressure of a hand,
And yet this tells us more than words can say,
More than another heart can understand.

Heart silence calls to us from out the past
In tones of deepest wretchedness and woe,
The anguish of the Grecian chief will last
Far as the immortal tale of Troy may go.

As Ariadne watched the lessening sail
That from her side her faithless husband bore,
There still is seen a ship to fade and fail
Nor yet quite vanish from the Naxian shore.

Beyond all limits that our thoughts embrace
That sympathetic silence softly steals
Wherever there is given the human race
A mind that ponders and a heart that feels.

PLAINSONG

AT peep o' day
The robin's voice I hear
Sing blithely gay
The plainsong of the year,
And ringing clear
Join in song-sparrow's short melodious lay.

O morning light
That comes as joy to me,
So warm and bright
And beautiful to see!
How happy we —
Birds and myself — to say good-bye to night!

How happy we,
Each for the other's sake!
The birds for me
The utmost pains will take,
And I will make
In praise of them my sweetest melody.

EXCELLENCE OF SONG

IT is for gladness that we sing,
For sorrow that we weep,
The joys that in our bosom spring —
Our lips — they cannot keep;
No more can we command our eyes
That they hold back the tears that rise,
The overflow of grief that lies
Within our being deep.

We can but weep when we are sad,
When overcome by grief,
Then let us sing when we are glad
Although our song be brief;
It is in nature that we show
Our keen enjoyment as our woe,
And give to daily living so
Its shading and relief.

Life's happy hours fly on apace,
Her sad ones linger long;
We meet the glad with shining face,
To brave the sad are strong;
Then while we live these pleasant days,
And while we go these pleasant ways,
Let all our singing be to praise
The excellence of song.

LOVE'S WORLD

LOVE has a world its own
Outside all other spheres
In time and space;
Wherever Love is known,
There Joy in Life appears
With sovereign grace.

Love has no limits set
More than the winds that sweep
O'er land and sea;
It runs still farther yet
Over that vaster deep,
Eternity;

Will evermore abide
With living and with dead
By Heaven-given right;
As it was given to guide
Creative Voice that said,
"Let there be light!"

TWILIGHT SONG

WITH no pretence of art,
No thought with other singer to compete,
The bird sings from his heart
A song of love and melody complete;
There are the trills
Of running rills,
The full-toned symphonies
Of winds among the trees; —
To him who listens, standing just apart,
The cadence of that song is very sweet.

Most sweet that song to hear
When day is weary of the hours of light,
When shades are drawing near
And vanishes the tired world from sight;
The starry host
Are at their post
A constant guard to keep
While birds and mortals sleep,
And one sweet heart that's to the singer dear
Shall find in that low strain a fond "Good-night."

THOUGHT AND FEELING

FAR, far away
Into an unknown land
With Fancy hand in hand
Will Thought unthinking stray;
There would it tarry day and night
So is it lost in wonder and delight.

But Feeling stays
About the old hearthstone
With those were earliest known
Playmates of childhood days;
She calls on Memory to bring
The smile of childish friendship while I sing.

So is it Song
To later seasons gives
The best of all that lives
Through life however long,
And lengthens out the closing years
Until a promise of the spring appears.

OLD SONGS

THE fashion of the world may change,
And life be cast in other mould,
But never will those airs grow strange
To which were sung the songs of old;
They hymned the praise of warrior bold
Who perils oft and Death defied,
In strains of tender feeling told
Youth's maiden love that never died.

Far off may seem the death of kings
In battle slain on bloody field,
But still in minstrel song there rings
The steely clang of sword and shield;
In notes triumphant are revealed
Undying passions of the heart,
We seem ourselves the brand to wield
And in the conflict take our part.

Far softer strains than these are heard
Come floating down the flood of years,
Wherein with tenderness of word
Is chiming low the fall of tears,
In simple melody appears
The joy, the sorrow of the earth; —
What flame of fond affection cheers
The cottager's domestic hearth!

HEART OF HUMANITY

BE it heart of man or woman,
Heart of strength, or heart of child,
"Every human heart is human"
In the town or in the wild;
Feels the same insatiate yearning
For compassion and for love,
In its hours of trouble turning
To the pitying Heart above.

Through world shadows dimly seeing,
Blindly groping e'en by day,
Conscious that a higher Being
Leads along a destined way;
In the gloom of darkest hour
Stranger in an unknown land,
Feels the heart a staying power,
Touch of God's almighty hand.

As that feebleness grows greater
With the years and what they bring
So to hand of its Creator
Closer does the creature cling;
Certain that through every danger,
Through the storm and through the night,
It will lead the weary stranger
Into rest and into light.

SILENCE AND SONG

ALL of this happy world around
Does Morning go with her torch alight,
And where have gathered the shades profound
In the long and lonely hours of night,
There is the day with splendor crowned,
And the timid phantoms are put to flight.

As the Morning comes with a smiling grace
And Night in the shadow has lingered long,
It is easy in one the desire to trace
In the other to see the purpose strong
To gain and to hold that charmèd space,
The meeting-place of Silence and Song.

Night stands with her breathing all a-hush,
On her dewy lip is her finger laid,
She would stay the brook in its downward rush,
If only the waters could be stayed,
To hear the matin song of the thrush,
To hear the greetings of Morning made.

And at eventide when the day is done,
When daylight is fading adown the west,
When the shadows at draping the hills have begun,
Have hushed to slumber the brood in the nest,
Then Silence and Song together as one
Stand rapt, — twin forms of one soul possessed.

SONG OF SORROW

WHEN too heavy for the morrow
Is foreboding in my breast,
Then I give the note of sorrow
To a song and it has rest.

Then sinks pain as sink the billows
When the angry storm is past,
And the heart its trouble pillows
On the peace of God at last.

In the soul's high chantry never
May that music cease to ring,
Nearer to the Eternal ever
May it the sad spirit bring;

Leading by the silent river
Of forgetfulness along
To the unforgetting Giver
Of the passion and the song;

And I would my moan of sadness
Should become a hymn of praise
Chiming with the notes of gladness
Which untroubled spirits raise.

THE LOST SONG

THE notes escape me, I have lost the score
Of song that once I heard
In ecstasy of life, sung o'er and o'er
By an unconscious bird; —
Unconscious of the sweetness of his voice,
And only glad he could that way rejoice.

I cannot now recall that simple song
I heard when I was young,
But still my heart responds in pulses strong
To tone in which 'twas sung;
The thought of what I felt is with me still,
It moves my soul with just as warm a thrill.

It is not wholly lost, — that woodland song
That charmed my childish ears,
Its music has been with me through the long,
Long flow of lapsing years; —
Perchance in my own song that song may still
Be heard as echo from a distant hill.

IN MEMORY

DEAR Heart of the many years that have fled
As an evening and morning since we were wed,
 Were we one in the far-off, bygone years,
 Or were we apart in separate spheres?
Ah, could we that mystery know
 Then were it easy to say
Whether our lives were happy so
 And we were content to stay,
Or whether a mutual longing drew
 Our feet to this common path of life,
And I became chosen husband to you
 And you were my chosen wife.

Dear Heart of the years since first we met
While the pathway of life with dew was wet,
 How has the love that with us has gone
 Kept the wayside fresh and the blossoming on!
There have been places, indeed,
 That were steep for a tiresome length,
But the handclasp, always closer in need,
 Has been of how wonderful strength! —
And now when we look to what lies ahead
 Or backward look to what has been passed,
We see the whole way with blessings spread, —
 We pray it be so to the last.

SONG OF LOVE

TO me the thought of childhood brings
Some idle dream remembered long;
This Fancy furnishes with wings,
With pinions wide of sweep and strong,
Soft downy wings of song.

As brood of full-fledged swallows leaves
At early morn its homelike nest
And comes back to the cottage eaves
From north and south, from east and west,
At evening to their rest;

As went the dove from friendly hand
Out over an unbounded sea,
And, wearied with vain search for land,
Came to the window wearily,
My songs return to me.

They all come back but one alone
Of those I counted at the start,
The song of love has farthest flown,
Long since has learned to lodge apart,
Sing in another heart.

NATURE'S VOICES

THOUGH mortal lips were mute,
And dumb the human voice,
Though silent strings of harp and lute
Yet would our world rejoice;
A thousand voices on the wing,
On bended reed and orchard bough,
Would still of love and pleasure sing
As they are singing now.

Earth needs not any skill
Nor art that we possess
Wide spaces of her lands to fill
With song's delightsomeness, —
Dark pines forevermore repeat
Their solemn symphony so grand,
And ocean waves with rhythmic beat
Fall on responsive sand.

It may be that the trees,
The grasses and the flowers
Grow to entrancing melodies
For finer ears than ours,
That to all motion everywhere
Harmonious numbers must belong,
And every sentient being share
Sweet ministry of Song.

THE SINGER'S TASK

THE singer has his task
Assigned him at his birth,
'Tis not for him to ask
Aught different on earth
But just to try and make his song of all-surpassing
worth.

The singer has his aim
That's never lost to sight,
His object is the same
As eagle's in its flight; —
It is that he some time may reach of song the
greatest height.

The singer has reward
For all that he may try,
Wee bit white-daisied sward
On which, when tired, to lie,
And, when his last is sung, 'twill bloom between
him and the sky.

SHADOWS

THE shadows came and went
Over dark wooded hills,
Across far-sloping fields of bent
And meadow-loving rills;
How swift were they in flight,
How quickly were they gone; —
A glorious pageant to the sight,
A memory anon!

That was when life was young,
Just starting on its course,
Then clouds close round the mountain clung
Till torn away by force;
How quickly did they fly
Woods, fields and waters o'er!
The shadows passed and left the sky
As it had been before.

But now the shadows stay,
They close the scene around,
Shut out the pleasant light of day
In mystery profound;
That veil will never lift
Along the horizon line
Nor will it ever show a rift
Through which the sun may shine.

SONGS AND SINGER

FROM the cloudlands far astray,
Through the pine-tops going,
With the poplar leaves at play,
Summer winds are blowing;
Of the passing winds we know
From the leaves' revealing
In a music soft and low
Their mysteries of feeling.

Winds the slowly eddying stream
Through the grassy meadow,
Silently as in a dream
Comes and goes a shadow;
To the reeds the eddies bring
Audibly a shiver,
Low the flaggy sedges sing
The longing of the river.

Thus it is that every breeze,
Every stream that passes,
Wakes the music of the trees,
Voice of tender grasses;
And thus we find it, you and I,
With the songs and singer, —
He, the singer, passeth by,
The songs, the songs, — they linger.

ALL ENDS IN SONG

ALL ends in song,
Whether it be of pain
Or of woe the stifled moan,
A sad lament for the slain
Or of the wounded a groan;
Be it weak or strong,
Be it short or long,
At last must the mournful strain
Fall to an undertone,
And out of the notes again
As a flower newly blown
Arise a song.

All ends in song,
Whether it be for the right
Is the shout of victory,
For the glory of the light
The people's praise may be,
Or it be the wrong
Upheld by the throng,
Soon must that tumult cease,
The din of faction end,
And the low sweet notes of peace
Harmoniously blend
Into a song.

AFTER THE SONG

ONLY a low sweet note
After the song is done,
A call from the sparrow's throat,
Made to her little one;
Only a cloud afloat
Between me and the sun,
And a cloud shadow remote
Over the fields to run.

All that is left to me
Of the glory of the year,
Of the tender sympathy
With Summer's smile and tear,
Is the glorious memory
Remaining to me dear
Of what I was glad to see
And of what I was glad to hear.

Now that the song is done,
Now that the pageant is past,
There's a shadow in the sun
On the way before us cast;
Now the call to the little one
Is heard in a silence vast;
The course of life is run,
It is rest and slumber at last.

THE LYRE UNSTRUNG

SWEET are the songs that are as yet unsung,
That are composed without or note or word,
Whose rhythm has never flowed from mortal tongue
Nor has it yet by mortal ear been heard;
Sweet are the songs that blend the harmonies
Of human life with Nature's gentle course
As this runs on through long eternities
To end remote as is its unknown source.

Sweet are the songs that linger long behind,
That wait a happier time to come to birth,
That sometimes visiting the poet's mind
Help him interpret voices of the earth;
With strain ecstatic and with magic word,
Will come at times an even softer note
By which the souls of listeners are stirred, —
It comes as from the heart, not from the throat.

As when one hears the warbling of a bird
So high aloft the songster is not seen
One gathers easily from what is heard
The rapture of delight those warblings mean;
So will there come unto the thoughts of men
Reverberations from what has been sung,
These will they hear with deeper rapture when
The voice is silent and the lyre unstrung.

AT THE END

AFTER a long, rough road is passed,
The weary pilgrim comes at last
Unto his journey's end, and there
He finds all toil and trouble cease,
A room prepared for him with care, —
The name of that is peace.

Its windows look out towards the morn,
To where the morrow will be born;
He turns his face that way, and keeps
A patient hope within his breast;
And as a cradled infant sleeps
The pilgrim takes his rest.

The hours of that last night will run,
The stars will go out one by one,
The sun above the hills will rise
Day break the eastern ridge along,
And he, regaining Paradise,
Will waken with a song.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE, dear Heart, for one short season
only,

The summer of our year;
To me, when I am far away and lonely,
How long must it appear!

At night my soul in dreams will be returning
Along the lengthening way,
And altar-fires of my heart keep burning,
Rekindled day by day.

Good-bye; — again must farewell word be spoken,
Our hands must clasp anew,
And lips be pressed to waiting lips in token
The heart is always true.

Now must it be for Memory to treasure
Through weary hours and long
The last fond word until in cadenced measure
'Tis woven into song.

Good-bye, — the word by us is often needed
Long as we sojourn here;
Where it with greetings glad is superseded
Will be most blessèd sphere.

APOLOGY

AS artist soul, when artist hand has failed
Some fleeting dream of beauty to express,
Will feel aggrieved to see at length unveiled
More rapturous vision yet of loveliness,

Will feel the utter helplessness of Art —
Handmaiden she in service of his kind —
How slight her skill, her power to impart
To others' thought the thought that holds his
mind;

As idle player, piping at his ease
Some simple ditty of a country love,
Will find that theme familiar fail to please
When sound the winds through laurel boughs
above,

Will find his heart respond to loftier strain,
To pæans chanted after victory won,
To hymns in honor of heroic slain
Whose praises through the lengthening ages run;

So must the poet, in his vain despair,
Grieve that his art can serve his thought but ill,
That let him touch the keys with utmost care
Sounds to his soul diviner music still.

FOR SORRY HEART

“ For sorry herte I may not tellen more.”

CHAUCER

BECAUSE my heart is sore
My lips may tell no more
What they have told;
The brands are burning lower,
Live shadows creep the floor,
The room grows cold.

We have been busy long
In ballad and in song
With stories old;
Stories that tell of wrong,
Oppressions of the strong,
Adventures bold.

Now will we say “ Good-night,”
Take each his taper light; —
The tale is told;
We turn to visions bright
Which to the inner sight
Do dreams unfold.

HAVE THOU GOOD-NIGHT!

HAVE thou good-night! the fading light
Goes with the setting of the sun,
The stars come forward one by one
To hold their watch; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! the heron's flight
Sinks low adown the western sky
Into the dim obscurity
Of evening dusk; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! beyond the sight
Of mortal eye the heavens brood
Above a vast infinitude
Of other worlds; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! the day is bright
Where it has gone into the west
To give our weary world its rest, —
'Twill come again; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! let dreams delight
With their enchanting visions brought
To greet the early-waking thought
Of him who prays, "Have thou good-night!"

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT

WITH lighted lamp held in her ready hand,
One foot now resting on the upper stair,
Does our retiring friend yet lingering stand
 . As if delayed by haunting memories there;
Again she slowly turns with thoughtful air
Her features half in shadow, half in light,
And while her lips a smile of sweetness wear,
She bids her fellow-guests a fond "Good-night."

We who with her have formed a circle here
Before the fire of life, now burning low,
We draw our chairs together yet more near
And watch the embers in their dying glow;
The burning brands that waste to ashes so
From time to time flash into blazing bright
As each guest, rising up, prepares to go
And from the upper stair sends back "Good-night."

To good-night wishes from withdrawing guest
"Have thou good-night," our own hearts make
 reply,
Although they are with heavy thoughts oppressed,
And though the voice be burdened with a sigh;
Though swelling tears may overflow the eye
And words sink down to broken sobs of sorrow,
The sobs will hush again, the tears will dry
When we are greeted with a glad "Good-morrow."

FINIS

BEAR up, dear Heart of mine, sore burdened
with sorrow! —

Though dreary may be the day,
Though weary may be the way
It shall lead thee at length into a blissful morrow.

Elated the heart should be that 'tis mounting
higher; —

Though the feet of the wayfarer go
On their pilgrimage painfully slow
Yet shall the heart at last attain to the heart's
desire.

What though a mountain may rise rugged and
broken! —

Look higher yet — to the skies,
Watch the course of the stars as they rise; —
The stars that are of Heaven's own steadfastness
the token.

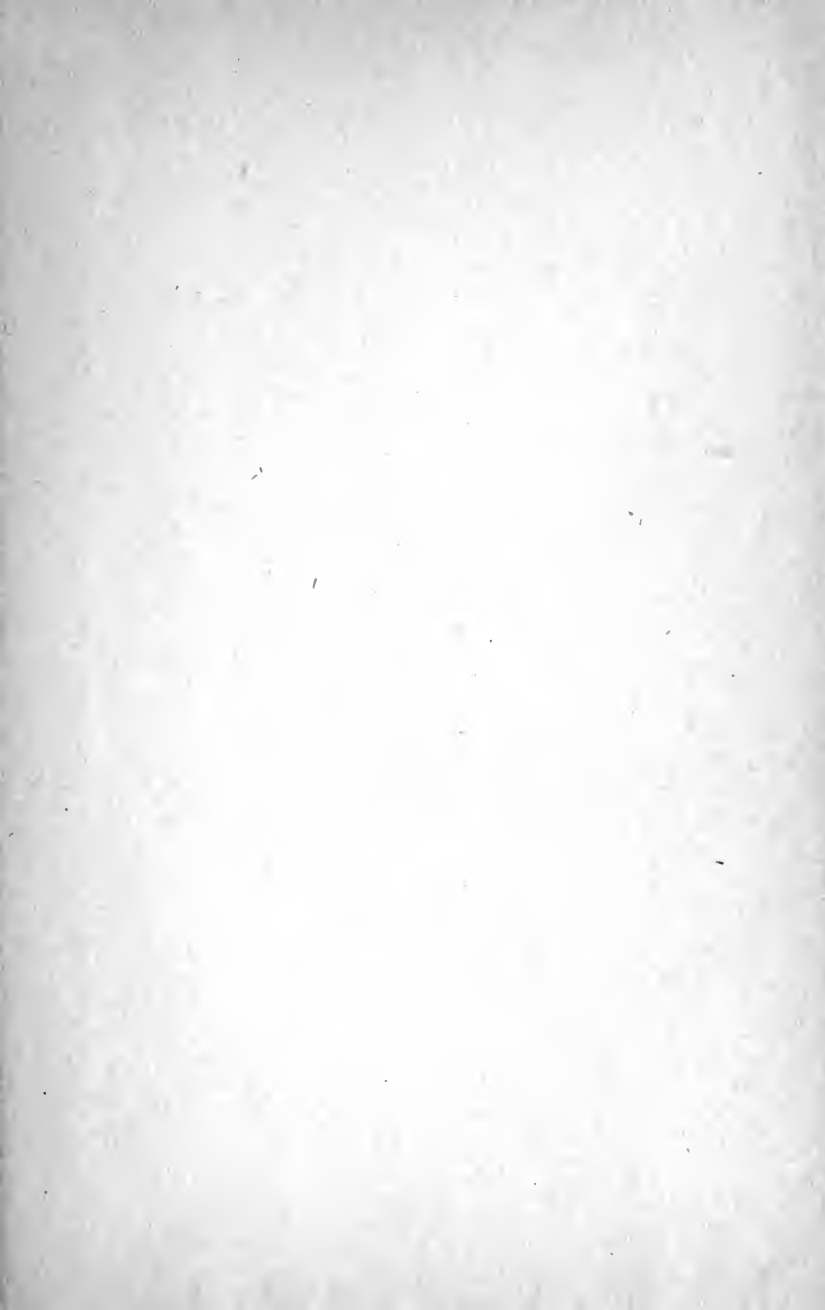
As higher and higher we mount into an air that is
clearer,

The more of our road traveled o'er
The less of it's lying before,
And day by day do our peace and our rest draw
nearer.

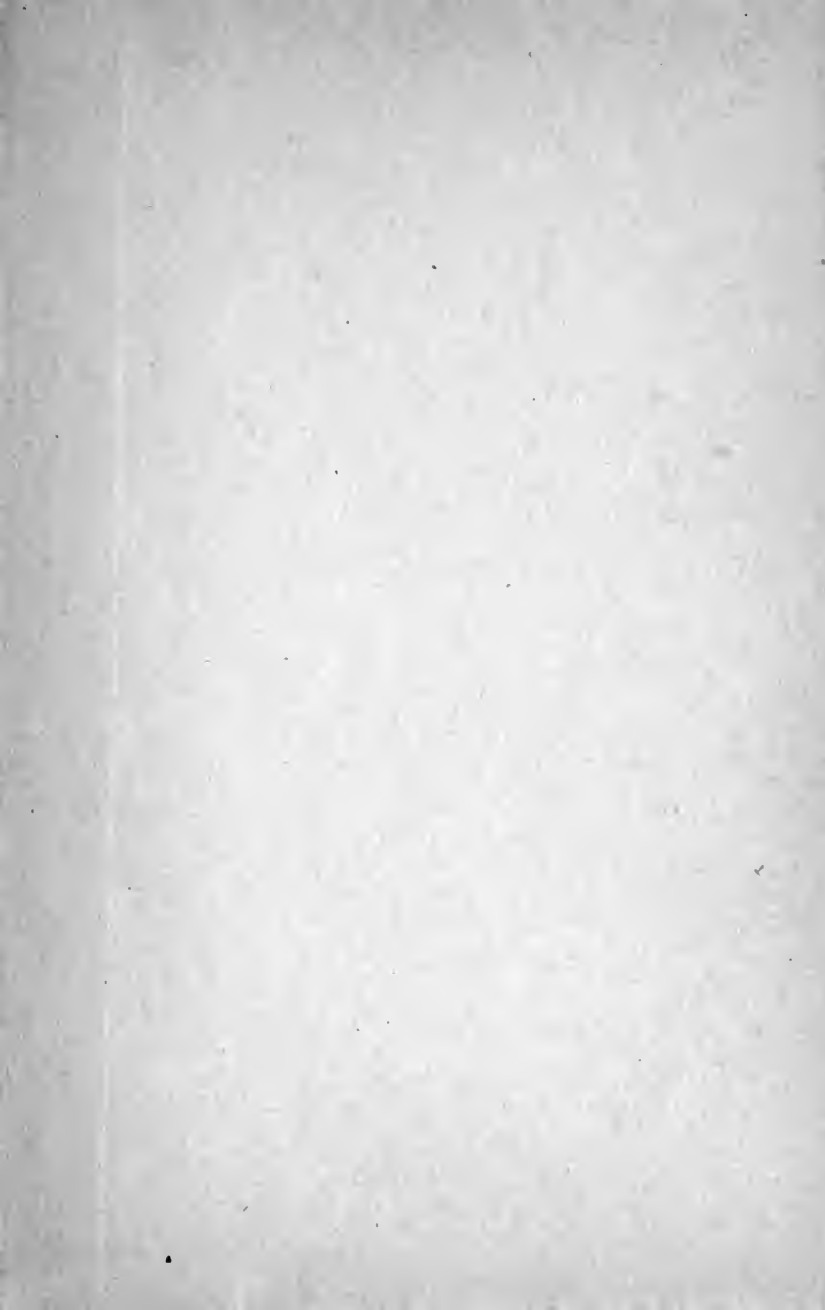
So do we read of our life the eventful story,
Turning the leaves one by one,
And, the simple chapters all done,
Finding "Finis" printed in gold 'neath a crown of
glory.

FINIS OPUS CORONAT

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